WESTERN MISSIONARY PRIEST

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THE WESTERN MISSIONARY PRIEST

—BY—

REV. JOHN BEGLEY.

DEDICATION.

TO R. M., my warm, true and confiding friend, this little volume, though filled with inaccuracies, faults and defects, is affectionately dedicated to one who has given me solace in pain, and consolation in long suffering, trusting that dearest and most lasting memory may ever cling, with heartfelt devotion, to the succoring and fostering hand that so kindly strove, during sorrow and pain, woe and dispair, to raise my once drooping and sinking spirits to an elevation of worth, of devotion and love.

J. B.

Yours Very Sincerely
Wm Bradley

INTRODUCTION.

Oftimes has the thought crossed my mind, that a recount or epitome of the trials and hardships of a western priest in 'Western' Kansas, would prove interesting reading to her and other people. Little, however, did I ever think of picturing him in book form until I became maimed and laid up from duty, in a runaway accident that befell me on one of the principal thoroughfares of the city of Wichita, Dec. 11th, 1888. It was then, and while struggling between life and death, for almost a period of two years, to regain the use of my limbs, that this thought began to gain realization, and I determined, though unworthy the task, to paint, not in too vivid or overdrawn colors, the arduous and trying task of a poor western missionary priest.

May the gracious God forbid, such seeming madness in me. Still, what can I do, when an inner conscience is eternally teasing me to lift up a voice and ply the long dormant pen in advocacy of the poor crusader. I am not a Cæser with the pen, he who could fight a great battle to-day, and fight it over again, as elegantly with his pen on the morrow. 'Tis not ambition I seek, now that the silver begins to tinge my locks, for it has long since, winged its flight in another direction, and reasoning about scholarship and fine style, are here out

of the question. Small subjects require great writers to set them off, but great subjects require no such artificial helps: like true beauties, they shine most in their simplest dress.

The poor western Priest shall be mine; poor indeed, but brave, honest, self-sacrificing and simple. We have known him long, have been closest by his side, and can fearlessly tell of his noble deeds. We can't bear to let him die, and have all his great trials and actions forgotten forever. His pitiful tale has touched the quick and roused me completely. What! the Poor Priest forgotten, and by me! No, never! never! As well might the faithful historian on looking backward, try to erase from his memory, the dreadful days of the revolution, when a British despot, a proud, stupid, obstinate despot, trampling the *Holy Charter* issued against us, that most unjust and unrighteous edict: *taxation without representation!* and then, because in the spirit of our gallant fathers we bravely opposed him, he broke up the very fountains of his malice, and let loose, upon us every indescribable, unimaginable curse of *civil war;* when British armies, with their Hessian, Indian and tory allies, overran my afflicted country, swallowing, up its fruits and filling every part with consternation; when nothing was to be seen but flying crowds, burning houses, and young brave men hanging upon the trees like dogs, and old men wringing their withered hands over their murdered boys, and women and children weeping bitter tears and flying from their ruined and desolate plantations into the starving woods! When I think of those things, oh, my God! how can I forget the poor Priest, that vigilant, undaunted soldier of Christ, he whom thy own mercy

raised up, to wield thy cross on a barren and rugged clime. He, the advance-guard, in the settlement and civilization of any and all known countries under the light of the sun. He is taught, for he was forced to learn it, to sleep in the swamps, to feed on the roots, to drink the turbid waters of the ditch, to prowl nightly round the encampments of the enemy, who are watchful to steal away the innocent lambs from the Good Shepherd.

Poor Western Priest, my friend! my friend! never can I forget thee. Although thy battles are at an end, and thyself at rest in the grave, yet I see the still. I see thee as thou were wont to ride over the desert plane, thine eyes flamed beneath thy lowering brow, from the dust and heat of a long, laborious ride; but lovlier still wert thou in mercy, then, as brave as any among the sons of men. For, soon as the enemy sinking under thy advance, cried for quarter, thy heart swelled with commiseration, thy countenance beamed relief and comfort to that soul. The basest, who would touch the hem of thy garment, was safe in thy holy embrace. The avenger of blood stopped short in thy presence and turned abashed from the lightning in thine eyes.

If I can but have one pitiful glance of retrospective and considerate mercy, cast upon the hero of the succeeding pages, and open for him the bowels of your mercy, my task will be complete and worthy the undertaking. The poor western priest, I will strive to show you, as he is, and has been, that you may judge of the severe struggles and trials, the founders and retainers of our holy religion endure in a western horizon.

O that my pen was of the quill of the swan that sings for future days! Then shouldst thou, my friend,

receive the fullness of thy fame. The fathers and mothers of the years to come, should talk of thy noble, self-sacrificing deeds, and the youth, yet unborn, should rise up and call thee blessed. Fired at the charm of the task, they would follow thee, in the path of thy glory, and make themselves the future heroes of this great, grand, glorious and unexcelled country.

With this short preface, this little volume is cast upon the waters; 'tis a rough-hewn and frail bark, gentle reader, and I fear, not staunch enough to stand the storm of a critic's pen, we beg, threfore, a charitable silence at your hands, that gliding onward, uninjured it may reach the port intended, your earnest commiseration for the poor Priest far out in the west, along with a kindly consideration for the author of this humble and unpretentious effort.

CHAPTER I.

OUR HOMESTEAD AND MOTHER.

In the commencement here, as in the introduction of this little work, let me again, gentle reader, ask your kind consideration, for the extenuating circumstances of the following, and hurriedly written lines. 'Tis true, that sufficient time was had to more carefully and elaborately picture the subject of the succeeding pages, but it was only at intervals, when pain seemed to cease, that short and disconnected scraps were penned, and then as hurriedly and nonchalantly regathered for the press. Craving then your kind permission and perusal of this little volume, I will risk launching it forth, to grapple alike with the rough and surging billows of criticism, as well as with the placid and smooth-gliding waters of commiseration for my hero.

It was in the year 1856, the year too, of our infant years in Kansas, along with, it being the year of territorial days for our now proud and grand State. Leavenworth was our "port of entry," a small, unpretentious, though lively burg, as from that point, the most freight was being hauled westward, and distributed principally at government points clear to the Pacific Slope. The population of Kansas in those days, was quite meagre, and one could summarize briefly, the number of towns along with their inhabitants, without going very far into the thousands.

Father being a farmer, and the time for drafting at hand, our tent was hurriedly folded; two years later, found us at the little Indian village called Indianola, two miles immediately north of where Topeka now stands, Poor mother lived then, but I cannot recall the fact, whether I was of any good to father or mother in those days. One thing I do recollect, is, that while there, I learned to swim, and spend a good deal of the time crossing and recrossing young pigs on Indian Creek, just to see them tickle their throats with their fore-paws. The homestead fever, along with some ague and chills struck us, so, early in the fall of '58 we picked up and started west. Long and slow was our march, for travel in those days, was principally made with oxen, and it has oftimes recurred to my mind since, that ours were not of the fleetest.

Fort Riley was reached, where we remained a few days, admiring the blue coats and brass buttons of the soldiers, for we had not seen much life for many miles back. Had we at this juncture attained our manhood, parents would have missed their Johnny, as he began to mingle with the soldiery, getting an occasional horse-back-ride from the corral boss.

Not reaching fever-heat in the homestead search, father resolved to still push westward; Chapman Creek was reached, a rich and luxurious country, with a crystal stream nourishing its banks and valleys, still we did not tarry there, but struck out in the open desert until finally, our tent was pitched on the western bank of dear old Buckeye Creek, two miles and a half from where the present Solomon City is located.

Here we are, father and mother with an uncle, in the

person of mother's brother, and a group of three children, I being the eldest. This was in the year '59, and finally agreeing to remain, father and uncle secured for themselves claims, the latter taking a timber claim on the Solomon river and four or five miles distant from that of father's. Soon, an unpretentious log-house was raised which was our tenement from sun and storm by day, as well as a protection from the ferocious gray wolves by night. The year '60 came, and an effort was *made* to *put in* a crop, the same came up, and grew to a healthy and promising yield, but the dry hot winds and extreme drouth of that season early nipped our prospects for a harvest. And now, gentle reader, though sad was this, a sadder strain still fell upon us, yea, the saddest of all sad things befell us, in the loss of a mother.

Memory. O! Memory at least, come to my aid now, that I may picture in true colors, my angel mother. Bring back to my mind, if you will, but a few of the tenderest feelings, prayers and regrets of one who so dearly loved us, and was loth to part from us while we were yet so young; aid me to recall once more, that woeful, bitter separation, and how sad and sudden that summons was answered. There were few friends around her bed-side, for we were isolated from those who if they knew her, would befriend her in any emergency, much moreso, in the cold and cruel call of death.

There was no doctor, no priest; still, I cannot help but think that good Mother Riordan, who was ever by her, ministered to her every want of comfort, soothing away her pains, and fulfilling the office of the former, while her poor innocent soul communed with its maker in the awful throes of death, satisfying the require-

ments of a Just God, in the absence of the latter. There was no eulogy, but the silence and bowed grief of that little funeral cortege, spoke a solemn eulogy and sang a sadder *requiem*, for that poor lone soul, than could be here pictured by words of pen. On a knoll of that homestead, her grave was dug, and the coffined remains of that dear, good, and kindest of mothers was lowered into the ground, to await the call, that surely will unite that body to an already angelic soul. Around her lonely grave, was builded a rude and rustic fence, denoting the place, where mother lay, and there did she sleep for well nigh two decades of years, when that coffin was unearthed and the crumbling bones, but well prserved ringlets of hair, along with but a few fading signs of the babe at her breast, were removed to consecrated ground.

How lonely that home was then, none can tell, save those who have suffered a like loss, that very word home, carries many a charm with it, but it has not the taint or tint of endearment, that the word mother, gives it. Alone, on the hill-side did we place her, her little resting place ever in our sight; and how often in summer's serene and peaceful evenings, did good old Mother Riordan come and join us on a pilgrimage to that lonely tomb, picking, on our way, the wild rose of the prairies to lay on her grave. And when, in innocent childhood, we knelt beside that mound, with plaintive and fervent prayers upon our lips, petitioning a most Gracious God, the author of life and death, to have mercy upon her poor soul, we fondly realized that we had performed a duty, we owed that tender, loving mother. In my many meanderings through life, since that affliction, the cruelest of all, bore down

upon us, we surely have felt the too early demise of her, who could wield the happy influence of a tender and affectionate mother over her children, and possibly, our lives have not been what they would have been, had she been left to still guide and watch our course. Still, though she was laid away, in the cold clammy clay, of that little mound, we seemed to think she was with us in spirit, directing our young lives into a channel of blessed memory to her many loving precepts, both by word and example.

Oftimes was that grave moistened with the tears that fell from the eyes of those who now began to realize their loss, and well-worn became the path around that rustic fence, for mother lay within and we were loth to even leave her lifeless clay. Little, can I counsel you gentle reader, of the ties that bind a child to mother, for I was young, quite young, at parting from mine, yet, as I grow older, and mingle in life's busy maze, I find that a mother's heart is the largest of all hearts, the heart that is ceasless in affectionate devotion to the child of her breast. I dare not, I could not, express the joy of a mother bringing forth a child into the world, neither will I attempt to paint that poignant grief, that heart-sore anguish, that bitter and scalding sorrow that mother must feel at parting from those of her flesh, her blood, her bone.

Gentle reader, you will no doubt, pardon this allusion made to my mother, to one from whom I parted alas! when too young, to be set adrift on the billowy waves of a pernicious world; so here I will rest, and during the succeeding pages, of this my humble effort, will promise you faithfully, to drop myself out of your sight as much as possible.

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG PRIEST.

A young priest, and not all priests newly ordained are young, is equipped with the necessary documents, and sent to take charge of a mission; or, what in the west, may more properly be termed missions. He is generally a raw sometimes unsophisticated recruit, fresh from the seminary, and while young, with but very little experience to assume the generalship of a new congregation. All at once, he has a multiplicity of places to attend, and each one craving a share in his services. He assumes the reins, and takes formal charge of all places assigned him; his is the heyday of alacrity, a feeling paramount to success, backed, however, by no other guaranty, save his own ambition and zeal for the cause he so warmly espouses. In most instances, there is no house or parsonage for him to live in, and for the time being, at least, he must take up quarters with a private family or in a hotel. Many generous-hearted families are thus burthened, for, can it be called aught else than a burthen, to have a full-grown and bran new boarder take up his lodging, and all of a sudden, become an extra addition to such a family. Well do I remember, that this was my case, when in 1876, my tent was pitched with a family, the

most grateful of people, the most generous of souls, and they, with another generous hearted family, but in another mission, gave me recognition unworthy the annoyance and trouble I was to them. If in the hotel he is compelled to room and board, his "collar," right away marks him, not only as a stranger, but a living curiosity, the admired or despised, and the butt of severe critical taste; some gaze at him with astonishment, calling him, the "old priest," whether his years be under twenty-five, or over eighty years of age, he is old any way, and such a place sometimes makes him feel his age more keenly than does the rapid growth of ignorance around him. If he has the misfortune to be a foreigner, his tastes and those of the hostlery are sure to be dissimilar, the hours for meals are not akin to his liking, nor is the bed suffused with the "original down" of his native heath. Sometimes, at midnight, he is called to a sick bed-side twenty or forty miles away, this causes commotion, wonder and consternation, and forces the enquiry, what astounding stupidness, or is the "old priest" sick himself? He returns at daybreak and another stir is made to let him in, he returns to his room and endeavors to catch up the broken rest of the night, and so it goes with the new fledgling zealot.

On long tours through the country, he must ride on horse-back, and the priest in Kansas, who has escaped this mode of transportation, from time to time, is alike to christain charity in darkest Africa, a rare rarity.

Very seldom, one sees a graceful and easy rider among foreigners; they are usually good and hard riders, in consequence of which, it is a much severer

task for them to travel thus, than it is for the native born. To our mind, comes back the scene once enacted by a poor priest in Eastern Kansas, giving a specimen of his horsemanship; the wilder the animal the better for him, he never made use of the stirrups, believing them to be useless appendages, and if the animal grew unmanageable, he was given free use of the bridle, while the rider clung tenaciously to the horn of the saddle. Priests, as a rule, carry with them the *soubriquet* of being "hard drivers," and while we know this to be so, to a certain extent, there is a very fair reason for its attachment to the "cloth." To explain: for many years, previous to his ordination, he has led an isolated and sequestered life, his exercise in calisthenics, mainly that of tossing a ball, or kicking it, down to the tame excitement of a game of checkers or chess. Little wonder then, that when the wide doors to a wider world are thrown open to him, he goes out to partake of her pastimes, to witness her excitements and scenes, and to the one solid comfort of his buoyant heart, takes a ride on the noblest of noble animals, the horse. He does not forget how old Quackenbos, in his rhetoric class, pictured the neighing steed scenting the air afar off, and he is now in a position to test that metal.

Among the many trials of a young priest in his line of duty, comes that of fasting i. e. from any food or drink from the night before, until such time as he will have finished divine service on the following day. This, a priest is obliged to do, and it is so incumbent on him, that if he were to break his fast, his congregation would have to be disappointed, and mass could not be

celebrated that day. Many times, in our peregrinations of a like character over the country, traveling ten or fifteen miles before service, have we been accosted with the salutation: "Why dont you take a cup of coffee, or some little nourishment on the sly"? "I would if I were you." But it is a matter of conscience with the priest, besides being a law of the church.

A priest with a weak stomach—and there are many of them similarily afflicted, will in time, by the very laws of nature, succumb to such trying ordeals, hence, it is not to be wondered at, why so many, and so early in life, seek a more congenial and less laborious field in some far off monastery, or quiet asylum, where the remainder of their days is principally spent in doctoring that enfeebled member of the human body.

Seeing he has no home, and from the condition of other circumstances thrown around him, the idea of having a parsonage for his quasi-home at least, dawns upon the mind of the young priest, and he sets about to build some decent abode near the little church, where he can live more to himself, and be less disturbed in his meditations. A church committee is appointed to foster and carry out his designs, and, although he will be the one looked to, for every out-standing obligation, he proceeds. The ground or lots first, then the specifications and other details are attended to, finally, the lumber is bought, carpenters are hired, and he sees himself in a fair way of soon having a home to live in.

Generally, church committees, are only what the name implies, as the priest must take the initiative steps in every undertaking of a like character and shoulder three-thirds of the responsibility. There is

no building fund for him to draw from, no propagatory aid comes to his assitsance; many of the original subscribers have left, some have died, while many more, utterly fail to come up to the sums, "set oposite their names." He has no individual bank account, no resources whatever to draw from, save those his pluck and energy may establish, hence, for all obligations due, or about to come due, he has to skirmish for their payment. One can very readily see then, the perplexing and embittering situation, an ambitious young priest is placed in, on his maiden effort at church or house-building.

Of course, the difficulty of borrowing and funding money in order to meet the demands of his creditors, is obviated in a large and more populous mission, where a sinking or building fund, could be reasonably established; but in a poor mission, sparsely settled by persons constituting his flock, such a redeeming exigency is not to be had, nor can it properly be demanded without a lapse of decades being given to its formation, and ultimate completion. The situation growing grave, and fast assuming the phaze of earnestness, his mind sets to working, thinking and scheming the while, how he may see his way out, and preserve his credit. Finally, a sunbeam crosses his path, a ray of buoyant hope, the beacon light of his soul startles him to action, and he has a picnic, a fair or a bazaar, for the purpose of raising sufficient moneys for the present, at least. His expectations, like those of all men venturing upon speculation, run high, so high in fact, that he prematurely, (which is often the case,) assures himself, that by such means, he will sure realize

more than enough to "pay out." Such an undertaking, and let me state here, that the first two, are somewhat reprehensible to the laws of the church, and, in many dioceses forbidden altogether, still, as "necessity is the mother of invention," these means are resorted to, for the raising of funds, and to reimburse the almost ever drained church exchecquer. A church "fair" without the pastor's presence, is very much like a county fair, without the "starter" and "speed ring," for he must be there and give the word "go" to evrything, or things generally, will drop into a state of iridescency.

A person never hears of a "catholic fair," being carried on, without the presence of the pastor, and, as he is, most generally the originator of such an enterprise, ever desirous of a favorable financial issue, he stays by it to the end. In nine cases out of ten, it is a successful undertaking, and from the results, he goes to liquidating obligation after obligation, until once more, the treasury is exhausted. Poor thing! it must give out, for the strain is too much, to satisfy the entire batch of creditors. The poor priest had planned it, had puzzled his brain for weeks before, had worked scheme after scheme to turn the nickles and dimes, towards making it a success, and this all, too, not for his own private personal gain, or swell his empty individual purse, but, to build, and otherwise improve the temporalities over which he is placed. Alas! his noble effort is not ended here, for a murmer is heard and it is wafted swiftly forth, on the breath of sudden suspicion, forming itself into a query; what has become of the funds? here is this thing, and that other thing not paid for, and the money is all gone. Oftimes, it comes from those who have contributed a scabby cow from their

bunch of thoroughbreds, or a mangy pig with rail-splitting proclivities, from their sty of well filled porkers; "root hog or die," they imagine a poor priest's exchequer never goes dry. Lis't to me gentle reader; Do not banks fail? Do not other grand and gigantic enterprises fail? Do not building associations, strongly incorporated as a corporate soul, collapse? They do, and ever will, but no thought, or scarcely any attentive consideration or comment is paid them, but the priest, they imagine, must rise above them all, and make his financial efforts a success, his attempts at building, always beyond the point of failure.

It is another point in fact, that invariably those whose tongues are set wagging in quest of a disbursement of such proceeds, are the ones who have contributed the least, and very often, nothing at all, deigning however, to lend the enterprise their presence, if they can slip by the door-keeper.

As in the world of laymen, so in the smaller world of clergymen, some in the former field, are cunning, careful and successful financiers, and while it would be amiss, not to admit that there are a few of this class in the latter field, you can hold it to a certainty, that they are not the ones to overtax themselves, or bother very much in building.

It rests with the powers that be, to sever or change a priest from one mission to another, and, it frequently happens, that such a change, is ordered upon a very short notice. Does it not fall then, in the nature of things, that such an abrupt change provokes cause of comment, but especially, if a few obligations remain yet unpaid. Suppose in this case for instance, and I do not note it without authority and truth, that pre-

vious to his being changed, he was principal on a note for one or more hundred dollars, borrowed to pay some church obligation he had made, his successor comes in his place, the latter goes along, with easy thread, for the church has been built, and in shape for service, but he contracted no obligations, and why should he bother or trouble himself with a matter in which his predecessor was interested. And so it goes, for life's span is made up of many vexations of mind and spirit, and while man's soul is thus perplexed. believe me, gentle reader, that the physicial strain on a young and zealous priest is also a trying ordeal when submitted to such tests. And now he goes to another field, where, if a church greets him, he is very sure to be confronted with the absence of a parsonage, but the necessity of erecting one as soon as posible.

CHAPTER III.

HIS ITENERANCY.

A priest, having from ten to twenty counties under his charge is, of necessity, compelled to be on the road a good deal; sometimes, by rail-road, but oftener, and very nearly all of his time, by buggy or on horse-back.

In the year 1887, it was our alloted portion to cover thirteen thousand miles by stage, and four thousand more, by rail; and many times now, do we recall the hardships and very trying ordeals, in being subjected to a two hundred mile "run," by stage, from Dodge City to Mobeetie Texas, a continued ride of two days and two nights, without sleep, save that which one might catch in a rumbling rollicky stage-coach. No stops were made, outside the proverbial *stop*, of 20 *minutes* for a *snack* and change of horses, when the route was again renewed, also the jolt, which very materially aided the digestion of *sow-belly* and hard tack, a diet that would copper-line, if not heaved, any man's stomach.

Like all modern schemes, the stage-ranch lays claim to a portion of man's willingness in dealing with the public. For a stage, on leaving a rail-road point, is almost surely, to be of the Concord pattern, large, durable, comfortable and commodius, with a certain easy

rock to its springs and a soothing lull to its cushions. The four-in-hand, are usually, of the gayest and sleekest, anxiously prancing for a start, so that when the watchword, "all aboard," is given, the're up on their mettle and "off" with a sudden swiftness, that would lead, all aboard, to believe, that a very great distance could be reached in a very short time. It is not thus however, and like many more decieving and fanciful phanthoms in life, the spirited gait is soon slackened and after covering some eight or ten miles, you are let down easy, to a slow walk, or at best, a *fox-trot.*

There is nothing so comfortably jolly, and rapidly passing pleasant, as to be couped up in a stage, carrying all the way, from ten to fifteen people, who, being suddenly and unceremoniously thrown together, make rapid acquaintances, the formality of an introduction. being just as unceremoniously left out. The hind seats, as a matter of courtesy, and a point of delicacy, always adhered to, by well-bred men, are always surrendered to the ladies, for women despise riding backwards, and if so inconvenienced, they soon become woefully bent on having a change, this, of course having no reference to the natural aptitude of a women to see things and scenes ahead.

The landscape of western Kansas and northern Texas being somewhat monotonous, as to panoramic scenery, the inmates of the stage, soon tire of its comments, and a diversion to some more genial and interesting topics are made. With invariable and unmistakable certainty, that diversion spreads over one or more of the subsequent topics, viz: the late war, religion, politics and prohibition, the lay and fertility of the country being left in the back ground; and, as this

is as inevitable as many of nature's laws, may we be pardoned a slight digression here, to give advice to the new missionary, on being sent to the Cherokee Strip, or to other undeveloped and unsettled regions of the west, to take a post-graduate course in the one, as well as all four of the above mentioned topics, otherwise, the full benefit of a stage-ride will never be realized.

After Thompson, came Horace Greely, with the advise to "go west, young man, go west;" and naturally enough you being west, will grow up with the country, but you are not "in it," if not posted up, and on, these four characteristic points of discussion, more or less, mingled in, by every talker, in every talked of stage in the land. One, of necessity, is compelled to take part in those conversations, either to explode his own ideas, that have, to him, blossomed into realistics, or be convinced that upon most evry topic sprung, there are two sides to the question, and, although it is not the province of a priest to broach the subject of religion either on rail-road trains or in stage-coaches, nevertheless, he is per-force, compelled "to take a hand," or be termed a scouling crank; still, we deem ourselves safe, in entertaining the opinion, that it is very rarely his game, to spout religion on so inauspicious occasions.

The sincerity of some people in their religious belief cannot be questioned, nor do I question it here, but the infidel, one who disbelieves Christ, and the christianizing influence of good christian men and women, is the blunt and butt of a good deal of ridicule when closely and hotly pursued with an overwhelmingly squelching argument. He searches for a subtlety, to hide his erronious opinions, and that, along with the gross ignorance he foolishly displays, he Bobs from one Bob to

another Bob, he gets tangled up in an irradicable dilemma, the horn of the one end, holding him out in disgusting prominence, much akin to the one that has already tossed him in the air.

Our journey wends onward, through a country, some of which is surpassingly grand, like that bordering on, and adjacent to Wolf Creek, where the ripples of this clear purling stream sparkle in the sun, and slake the thirst of the weary ones while ascending its modulated slopes and traversing its copious valleys.

On the fair banks of this fairer stream, and distant some twenty-five miles from Camp Supply, bold and intrepid, undaunted and chivalrous Phil Sheridan, the terror of the red-man pitched his tent, which, though it be deserted now, is still termed "Sheridan's Roost."

Here, our stage, which has weakened down, from a four-in-hand of gay and prancing steeds, to a common every day buck-board, bringing up the rear, behind a jaded span of off-colored, off-matched and oft-condemned mexican mules, rests, and though in the stillness of midnight-hours, we are told to alight, and go through the performance of supper, and be quick too, for stages, far away from the starting point, stop for nothing, or no one. As the journey's end is nearing, the spirits that were gay at starting, now droop and begin to lag, while the hearts too, grow faint and less buoyant, than was their wont, 'ere the novelty of a stage-ride was worn out, for the road has been long, the weather inclement or the sun torridly hot, and the dust, the while, has clouded and almost clogged your vission. The return journey is much the same, savoring possibly, of a single exception, that strangers are thrown with strangers, and the self-same weary road is again gone over, delightful

to some extent, to the new-comers, while monotonously tiresome to those who have spanned its expanse many times before.

I could not close this chapter without feeling a scrupulous delicacy, if the prince of good fellows, always met with in a stage-ride, viz: the driver, was not accorded his laurels of conductor-ship, and horse-man-ship. Never has a locomotive engineer, with throttle in hand, piloted his train with any more scrupulous and conscientious care, than does the stage-driver pilot his four-in-hand. He handles the lines and whip with a dexterity almost marvelous, and it is not an uncommon feat to see him pick a fly from one of his leader's ears with a skillful manœuver of the latter. We recount with pleasure, the many rides and chats had with those patient, painstaking and ever courteous drivers; and we say patient, for if any one is more questioned about this, that, and the other, it is the poor driver, for they are supposed by many of the curious traveling public, to know everything about the country, the people, the prospects and general out-come to the development of the wiles of the west. The drivers though, a somewhat isolated class from society, and owing to their chosen profession, that of being on the road, both day and night, are, as a rule, a bright, intelligent class, and when in the humor, are generally happy at repartee, as the folowing instance may show. Poor Uncle Tom, was one of our favorites, a man, who stood six foot four, in a raw-hided shoe cover, as straight as an arrow, and who could squirt the saliva from a tobacco-quid, clear onto the backs of his leaders, with barely a noticable contortion of the under jaw. It was on a trip to Ashland, Clark County, and our stage was crow-

ded, with thirteen passengers aboard. On The driver's seat, along with Uncle Tom and myself, and sandwiched between us, was one of those talkative Illinoisans, full to overflowing, with a wonderful fund of dry prate and quizical gab. His voluminous bill of interrogations were directed at Uncle Tom, and when the latter grew a little rusty or tired of his interrogations, he lapsed into silence. This, the stranger could not stand, so growing a little personal, he again broke out: "Uncle Tom, how old are you"? In answer to this question of delicacy, for stage-drivers too, are a might delicate as to giving their age, Uncle Tom made reply: "eight hundred and sixty-four my last birth-day. That was a stunner, though it did'nt stun long, and the stranger thought he'd get even by asking a still more delicate and reflective query, so he began; "Uncle Tom; what do you think of doing, when you get too old to drive stage"? "Well, says Uncle Tom, when that time comes, I'll pick up my few scattered effects, bid adieu to the west, and go back to some eastern metropolis, and for all I know now, probably in Illinois, and go to driving hearse, where the passengers wont talk me to death;" and Tom, with a twinkle in his off eye, reached out with his buck-skin lash and smote the ribs of his nigh-leader, at the same time, setting the Illinoisan well back in his seat, along with lowering his querulous mood a peg or too. Needles to say it, but the remainder of the journey was pursued in comparative silence, and Dodge City was reached 'ere the inquisitive mind of the sucker, was restored to a proper equilibrium.

To some, a stage-ride would appear novel, and to realize that novelty, many have succumbed to a most wretched sea-sickness, for this latter, to some, is more

realistic and of longer duration than that, sometimes experienced in crossing the briny deep; but the novelty point is soon reached and about as soon passed, when a wearied and complaining feature takes hold of one, causing him to express the opinion, that "he wished he had stayed at home".

CHAPTER IV.

THE COW-BOY.

Alone on the plain. does he aimlessly aim,
To retrieve the fortune he's lost;
Or adrift in the west, with a refreshing zest,
To drown the sorrows of the past.

In devoting a chapter to the cow-boy, we do so, because he has been known to us long and well, also, because wherever we have met him, as well in the cold damp rain of the winter's blizzard, as in roaming o'er the bleak wild prairies, his camp and his fireside, along with the best hehad, was our portion as long as choose to remain with him, and that too, without a single cent of cost to us.

One may talk of hospitality among people of various climes, but that of the cow-man is so unstinted, so feelingly good, and so unmistaken in genuineness as to inspire one with courage and comfort the moment he strikes their camp. There are two classes of cow-men; the one, a tender-foot, who has just struck the range, and has donned a wide-brimmed sombrero hat, girted the same with a rattle-snake pelt, and after encircling himself with a band of cartriges and a forty-five caliber gun, buoyed up with a quart of tanglefoot rot-got, spread his prowess *a-la-grande*, until the whis-

key forgets its unction, and leaves him alone, with his courage gone, and his first pranks played, in an endeavor to have folks believe he is bold bad and brave. This kind of a cow-boy soon weakens in a skirmish, and is never noted for very many deeds of daring, as generaly, a bluff is his game; to him is ascribed the terror and very much mistaken idea of the western cow-man, while he is not the ideal of a cow-man at all. Instead of this raking, restless roving lad, there is in all western lands, the real, chivalrous, honorable cow-man, carrying with his individuality the true honest type of manhood. This one is an *old-timer* on the range, a gentleman of the first water, and I have never yet met an old-time cow-man, who was not a perfect, upright and courteous gentleman, ever at ease, on his humble, and unpretentious ranch, as well as at home in the best of society. Not infrequently, you will find the piano, and almost, in every instance there can be seen the remnant of a choice library in their quarters, duly replenished from time to time, with the latest papers, periodicals and monthly pamphlets. You may ask, why do so many of them come west? I will answer; why is it that so many come west in quest of farms, for as different are men, to such a degree, almost, is man's calling. It is but natural too, and in some instances true, that many of them have, through some misfortune at home, or otherwise disappointment in life, have turned their faces to the setting sun, to mingle their fate, with the wild woolly western heroes, they so often have read about. Let me here mention a few of those old-time cow-men, whose very word is the soul of honor, and who are not only cow-men, but honorable

representative men, and dear reader, if ever you cross their way, you will be as deeply impressed with their honor, intelligence and genial adaptability to all surrounding circumstances as I was, and many of you have heard of some of them e're those few lines gives them notice. Among them are: Bob Wright; Col. Jaquin; Pat. Ryan; Fred Tainter; Pat. O'Neill; George Healy; John O'Loughlin; Daniel Sullivan and Colonel Hardesty; men, without a single exception, who have faced and braved the western storms of many a blizzardy winter, seeing, at these crucial tests, their vast herds almost decimated by cruel blasts of misfortune, and in the heated term of many a summer-time shifting from post to pillar, in search of water, to keep their remnant herds from dying with thirst.

It was our wonted portion in years past to mingle in, and associate to a marked degree, with the proverbial cow-man of the western plains, and we can safely say, that there is no truer type of manhood, no more hospitable host, and no truer friend in time of danger or distress, than the ever generous and chivalrous cow-man.

Take them all in all, they are an isolated class of people, seldom if ever, seeking notoriety, but ever engrossed with the care and attention of their herds, paying for what they get, and sometimes a little more. Many faking stories have gone abroad, of the cow-man, and they having originated in the shallow brains of some innocent tenderfeet, are, by a good many people, believed to be true, whereas they invariably give the lie to their originators, and pass, with the better class of citizens, as exaggerated fakes, or calumnies, born of either jealousy or prejudice, and sometimes both. Let a priest,

under any circumstances whatever, enter an old-time cow-camp, and he is treated with the utmost respect, while his stay is made most pleasant by an earnest request, to *stay longer*. And, gentle, sensible reader, is it not becomingly fitting to mete out a necessary amount of consideration for one of the important factors that goes to make ours the busiest, most influential and most creditable market in the world. What would you eastern people do, and to what a hopeless and wretched condition would your beef-market drop to, were the cattlemen to cease operations, and discontinue to nourish, with their fatted beeves, the busy marts of a Chicago or a Kansas City? In my perigrinations throughout Kansas and portions of Colorado, it has often been my lot, to be thrown among cow-men, the same portion too, that will be meted out to many missionaries of the future years; and, while in this short chapter I will not strive to give the good cow-men, all the praise they are worthy of, letting futures deal with futures, I will conclude these adulatory remarks, of those who have a warm place in my heart, as well as an everlasting gratefulness for their many kind services to me personally, in years that are agone.

CHAPTER VI.

THE "DRUMMER."

Departing from the serious, grave and matter-of-fact cow-man, we grip the hand of the commercial traveler, who, by using a license, is comonly termed, the "drummer." For a jolly, generous-hearted, happy and courteous class of citizens, the "drummer," lays claim to the bakery, for, his position demands him to be a man of men, a regular stem-winder, when it comes to selling goods. He is a missionary too, in that sense, that there is no hardship but what he will endure, no effort but what he will make, no obstacle but what he will strive to surmount and overcome, when there is a question of selling goods for, or keeping up the reputation of "his house."

We have met him on the buck-board, on the stage-coach, in the buggy, in the box-car, in the caboose, but principally in the "smoker," and very seldom in the *sleeper*. His, is a watchful errand, an almost never-ending task, and one would be, at times, forgetful enough to term him as ubiquitous and as hard to catch, as the irishman's flea. With him, have we journeyed by day and by night, in season and out of season, through storm and in sunshine; and all hours of the night, mid the frost and cold of winter's severest blasts,

as well as through summer's severest, though sometimes well nigh unbearable heat, and uncomfortably torrid blasts.

Methinks, that if some of the wholesale establishments, generally founded in the East, i. e. the members of such firms, were to come west, and taste, from time to time, the harrassing and perplexing attitudes of their men of the "grip," these latter, would be considered the ground and fundament to keep said concerns together, than is now accorded their indefatigable exertions and trying perplexities.

"Honor, where honor is due," is a principle; that man, alas! many men, oftimes forget to bestow its charms and its graces where they properly and justly belong. One may say, that, it is all right, for true merit will ascend, so it will, but there is also such a thing, as unjustly stifling its claims, and retarding its just and meritorious deserts. The knight of the "grip," is, in one point, and a very material point too, far ahead of the poor missionary priest, for he has, in almost any case, a guaranteed salary, whereas the latter, is the recipient of charity's beggarly stipend. If the drummer runs ashore, for his daily outlay, a "draw" on the "house," is a harbinger of protection, and he forthwith gets a relief on his monatary embarrasment, but on whom can the priest draw? On no one, or to no place, can he apply for pecuniary aid, and his draft on a granite mound in old Missouri, or a sand-pit in golden California, would be equally as fruitless as his draft elsewhere.

The oasis in the desert, for the poor missionary is of rare occurrence, while that of the commercial man is of frequent happening. I am not envious though of the life of the latter, for his lot is a very unenviable one,

especially in western Kansas, and we have often asked the question, if those large eastern houses did'nt have some pent-up pets of cranks, who would be the better of an "outing", or an airing on this western slope. I fear, that often, they fall into the grave sad groove, that, other gigantic institutions fall into, of encouraging the stifling of true energy and merit, in the cultured and ambitious young man.

'Tis time, that merit will ascend, but it is likewise worthy of note, that it is sometimes stifled in the bud, and canker and pettish fovoriteism sear its early doom. Many a worthy son, has measured, moistened and wasted his sweetness on the desert plains, alas! too early in life, for him to judge of his own worth in another sphere. The horse, or the ox that come from foreign homes, must first be aclimated to their new country, before they are fit for durable service, and they are of little value to new land, until they pass through careful cautious and painstaking care, thereby fitting them for a rigid and formal handling in a new and developing country.

I will here mention a few of my old "pards" on the road, with whom we have spent many pleasant hours, on the stage, the caboose, the buggy and train, men, whom we hold dear to memory, as companionable in the extreme, they are: Robert Clampett (royal Bob), Thomas Walsh, Thomas Young, James Noonan, Ike. Frazier (little Ikey), Charles Stenson, Horace Campbell and hosts of others, who, at all times grip you by the hand as though they meant it.

Boys of the road, we bid you adieu with this notice of you and trust, that in years to come we may meet often, and that I may see you all independently happy and off of the "road."

CHAPTER VI.

THE LONELY HOMESTEAD.

It is the first of June '93 as I write these lines in a lonely dugout in the western portion of Meade county. May I also mention, dear reader, that it is the feast of Corpus Christi, which, in populous parts of the realm is held with such pomp and grandeur, that to think of this contrast, would, were we not "used to it," give us an ugly case of the blues.

Years that are agone, with their feasts and festivities, their gorgeous and grand displays, their ever occuring springs of happy memories come to us now, forming a contrast so vividly black, that beggars a meagre discription of what they ought to be with us.

Our tent is yet pitched with the poor homesteader, and we doubly sympathize with him, seeing his prospects of a future prosperity no better than ours. In exultation and praise we will break out here, and exclaim, that may the good Lord cheer and comfort these ceaseless toiling and willing hands of the poor granger, in the developement of a country, yet, comparatively new. May He comfort them in their privations, in their extreme wants, and counsel them in their sad disappointments, at the harvest time. Poor honest granger, toiling from morning until night, yea! from one end of the

year to another, and realizing nothing from such labor. It is hard, to be sure, and arduousness in the extreme, and we deem the poor homesteader's endeavor, in searching after the lost talent, to be equal, if not greater than all other tasks in fulfilling that text of Holy writ, viz: "thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow." In our humble opinion, and we are free to give it expression, that there is no class of people who come as near affiliating themselves with that text of their divine Master, as the poor farmer. For, what would these United States be were it not for the yield from her bosom of these immense acreages of cerials, cast there and tenderly cared for, by the honest hands and the ever willing husbandman. Others may endeavor to gain a livelihood by their wits, ministers may think their work hard, mechanics, merchants, in fact, all, may deem their task the most arduous, but let the poor, and in very many instances, despised granger, cease prosecuting his calling, and the machinery of all other industries, it matters not what it may be, will soon settle down to a *dead stop*. Many people are found, who forget themselves so far, as to denounce the granger for having an ambition to legislate for himself, or offer some radical suggestions to better his condition in life. To justify him in this, let us see: in the first place, he is seventy-five per cent, of the producing element of this land, and the laws of this, as of other lands should accede to a majority rule; in the second place, he is the tiller of the soils, the toiler, that his master, the God of the Universe wishes, hence, absolutely right in the avocation he has chosen, and why then, in the name of high heaven should he not have something to say, when

putting the costly production of his overtaxed exertion on the many and busy marts of the world? Again, take Kansas from the Missouri river west, and who, among the sons of men have settled her bare, wild prairies but the granger, the homesteader, the downright and earnest tiller of her original soil; who dispersed the wild herds and drove from her vastnesses the untamed coyote, subjecting this wildest of wild panoramic scenes into one great, grand and gorgeous field of husbandry. "Ad astra per aspera," the befitting motto of our State, was emblazoned on her shield, not as a meaningless or empty-sounding emblem, but solely and surely the motto of those who, braved with unflinching courage, and never a lack of energy, in the developing of a new, raw and unsettled country, as that of ours.

I will tell you, honest reader, that the endurance of self, the trying and perplexing adventures of the poor western homesteader are, to a very great degree, unknown to mankind generally, and certainly, not as remunerative as the world, so often believes. In the developement of any new country, no matter where, it is surely the portion of the pioneer to confront the realities in striving after a livelihood, and put up with the many drawbacks all new countries are subject to, in their early settlement. "Mid pleasures and pallaces," 'tis very easy to find a home, but those luxuries are a rarity in the far west, and the poor missionary is no less a wanderer in those new settled regions, than is the homesteader himself. For, does anyone recall an instance now, where, and when, explorations were being made,

that a missionary priest was not to be found, and far in the van of such land seekers too.

Hours of dull travel, scarcely a day of unbroken rest, ever expected to be at his post, and he must never entertain the idea of refusing a call, are some of the requirements expected of the western priest. Let us see; any officer of our great state, who may be called upon from time to time, even from the governor down, draws his salary first, and besides, gets his quota for an expense account, when going a greater or less distance from the office where he resides. Not so with the priest, but still he must go; he has not a salaried office, nor can he ask anything for an administration of the sacraments, simply depending on the gratuitous and voluntary contribution of those he goes to see. sometimes, such an offering balances the actual expense account of such a trip, and more times it does not, still, he must go, and suffer the consequences, that of many times being out of pocket, and working for nothing, as he has no guaranteed salary. Many times, we have been asked, why don't you get help from the propagatory societies of the east? And, do you know we have a very hard time of it, in very many instances, to satisfy such enquirer, that no such assistance can be obtained. None whatever, gentle reader, and we can safely state it, for it has not come to us, even in the most trying years of the past, in building churches, and reserecting fallen ones, and personal, self sacrificing effort, was our only monitor to the completion of such an undertaking. Still, we hope for the day, and will hope it strongly, that there may be supplanting this careless defect in remunerating a poor missionary's coffers, a more care-

ful and cautious consideration of his efforts, in the part he plays, as a post-to-pillar employee among any and all exoduses to newly settled lands.

In this short chapter, let our advice go for what it will, we will freely give it, from the experience of well nigh forty years in sunny Kansas, and it is this; that those of you who are desirous of moving westward and getting a piece of realty in your own name, be cautious, and go not farther west, than is becoming to the *gradual* developement of a new country, for, as the wild horse is caught and brought into use, becoming so domesticated as to help bring into cultivation the wild and bleak prairies he so recently roamed over, so it must be with the subjugation of all wild and untilled lands, not going too far into the desert, expecting ample returns for the generous outlay of labor. Keep close to the confines of civilization, and when man has wrought his share, in subdueing the wildness of nature, God, the benefactor of all, will caus ehis sun to shine on, and the rains of heaven to copiously pour over the labor of your hands. The thought itself, is as barren of realization as is the effort of any individual, who takes too long a leap, from the lap of pleasure, comfort and good results to his agricultural hand, into an uncomfortable waste, where nature wears her weirdest and wildest phase. According to Thompson, it is a good idea for a young man, "to go west," but the best of all precautions, for the young man so inclined, would be; not to go too awfully "far west." Believe me, dear reader, that many a young man has already rued that seemingly insatiable thirst, for the whif of a western breeze; and has seen the color of the man's hair, many times o'er, who first

sprung that trite old maxim on the unsuspecting public, and particularly seized him with a cramping fit to go see the wild and woolly west. He has seen, was conquered, and now, in many hundred instances, reaps the reward of a too hasty and rash act, that of leaving the poor old folks behind, along with seeing a western phantom burst.

CHAPTER VII.

A REMEDY FOR DROUTHY KANSAS.

People will say: were it not for the drouth in Kansas, the yield of crops would be something marvelous. Yes, were it not for those dry hot winds, we would have an abundant yield of all the cereals sown and planted by the hand of man, but, more especially would our harvest be greater, were we blessed with more rain-fall.

In our daily travels through all portions of the western and south-western parts of Kansas, we see painfully, the verification of that exclamation, O drouthy Kansas! But, no more, gentle reader, is it as drouthy as in years gone by, and every succeeding year seems to bring us more rain-fall. In this climate of ours, a rich sandy loam, we want more precipitation, not according to the rain-maker's theory, but according to well defined principles of the past, which when properly carried out, never fail to give a most beneficial result. What we want then, and what must inevitably follow in its wake, is the planting of more shrubbery, more trees, more anything, that will give out oxigen. The atmosphere of our climate is constantly being drawn upon under an inhaling process, by the short and easily dried-out grasses, never giving out that amount of exhalation necessary to stop the vast and consuming process, that our

prairie lands demand, and nowhere is it arrested in the heavens, but drawn to the earth where it is too readily consumed.

If then, according to Humbolt's exudation theory, and it is a very plausible one, attested by satisfactory chemical analization, where an oak tree, from two and one half to three feet in diameter exhales, i. e. sends out two tons of moist gasses in every twenty-four hours, why cannot we increase this exhudation, that more moisture may be added to the thin and almost exhausted state of the atmosphere. It is posativily true, that the more vegetation there is, the more heavily laden becomes the air, with this emission of gasses, hence a moisture is created and from the contact of this latter, with the natural dampness of the atmosphere above, we surly can expect the formation of clouds, and as moisture draws moisture, we may safely expect rain-fall in that locality, where there is the most attraction. Without this reciprocal process of exhilation and inhalation, there is no posibility of attracting the moistness of the heavens, with the short, heat-attracting buffalo grass of our western prairies, and one might as readily expect copious rain-fall on a vast floor of inch flooring laid over a level piece of country. In our opinion then, and it is one that has ranged over beautiful Kansas for well nigh forty years, seeing her grasses dewed, her hills studded with trees and her vales green with the verdure that is the result of careful husbandry.

As civilization pushes westward, and the hand of honest industry is applied to the developement of our broad acres, the untameness is driven out and succeeded by a new phase of productiveness, that heretofore, had lain dormant upon her bosom.

The more shrubbery, tree-planting and other industries of a like character, that are imbeded in our soil, the more exhudation of moisture we will have, and consequently the greater emission of an attraction for precipitation and rain-fall. Step by step civilization advances, that is, the surer and safer civilization, that will remain to the advancing and adorning of any country, not guided by greed, avarice and petty selfishness, that seemed to have come with the *boom* western Kansas experienced some seven or eight years back. The influx, into any country of that class of people, is more to its detriment, than to its addornment, more a menacing danger to its bankruptcy, than to the stability which should be mantained by all earnest devotees who strive to earn their livelihood by the sweat of their brows. Look at the eastern portion of our state, nay, as far west even as its central part, and you will see now, where those localities were once barren and unyielding, to honest industry, in the production of all grain, they now, with copious rain-fall, yield abundantly. The history of those western portions of as productive a soil as can be found, will too, some day be written, only to repeat what has transpired in and along the steady march of worthy and industrious civilization.

We have a theory, and are led to believe from past experience, that if it be agitated now, will shorten, by many decades of years, happy returns to the toiling masses of farmers who are constantly seeking homes in our western lands. It is, we think, not overwrought with fancy, or indulged in with any undue caprice, but a theory, if put in practice, must, of its own weight fall to the assistance, and encouragement alike, of all the

honest farmers in Kansas. It is this: commencing from the Gulf, through Texas, into the territories; throughout Kansas, (more especially her western borders), through Nebraska and into the Dakotas and still farther north, cultivate the happy industry of tree-planting. Let these states take this matter up, let congressmen agitate it, and let every county talk the matter over so earnestly, that it may become a live issue even at the seat of Congress itself. Let every land-owner, every homesteader, occupying his own land, and those who do not reside on their lands, be compelled, by an act of law, if possible, to plant, say five acres of trees or shrubbery of some kind, on every quarter section of land, or, at least, ten acres of the same, on every section, of land mentioned, within this range; and if not made imperative, by law, at least, make it of such an interest, that the people who would thus comply with that industry, should have the burthen of their taxes decreased by fifty per cent. This latter would serve as an incentive for the more careless ones, for the lessening of taxes, especially in the west, would be a wonderful motive power, to any industry that would agitate such a reduction. In thus agitating an industry, we but advocate a necessity, that must inevitably fall to the lot of those lands mentioned, only this difference, that we would hasten the results so longed and earnestly hoped for; in other words, to precipitate what is bound to come, if these lands will ever be generously productive. We advocate no chemical or visionary scheme, no illusionary method, nor would we, gentle reader, have you pursue an ignis-fatuus, like the rain-maker's idea, that sooner or a little later, must surely and certainly go a-glimmering. As

the poet would have, "a little sunshine in a shady place," so we, must procure a little shade that the torrid rays of an all powerful sun may be met in their transit to us, by the thwarting influence that all exhudation from vegitation has, and mitigate, in no small way the scorching heat, we otherwise would experience. Our western country is, to a very great and grave extent, covered with the short and easily dried buffalo grass, it mats the ground like a closely mantled garment, and when it is parched, not only by the direct rays of the sun, but by a reflex and rolling heat, that is created by reason of the barrenness of all industry to tree planting, and the cultivation of the soil. Many times have we plied our vocation, by stage over those vast wastes, and coming in contact with a south wind, the velocity and scorching intensity of its nature being even increased by reason of not meeting with no checking influence, until blood oozed from our nostrils, and our head reeked with pain, so much so, that often we have been on the verge of fainting from dizziness.

To advance still further, our idea of influencing rain-fall, we have but to turn to portions of Spain, Italy and Prussia, which districts, at one time, were studded with a dense growth of forestry, but owing to the increased demand for their timber, are now barren and unproductive wastes. Where once there was an abundance of rain; there is now a barren bare waste, no rain-fall, and the soil is rendered so unproductive, that the natives of those lands would consider it extremely hazardous, if they were to undertake to raise upon them the proverbial *white bean.*

Let us then, cultivate a willing and early industry in

the planting of more trees, more shrubbery, more alfalfa, in fact, any and all seeds that are especially adapted to our climate, and the rich returns that will be guaranteed our harvests will surely and solely come to this one happy, and most needed of industries, that of right-a-way tree-planting.

CHAPTER VIII.

DODGE CITY.

Having spent four years of our life's span in Dodge City, and mingled with her people during that period, in no small degree, we feel assured of being possessed, of the "facts in the case," and will give the reader, a short summary of our sojourn there.

In these days of magnanimous christianity, when every one seems to be clothed with the broad mantle of christian charity, it does seem to us, that the same spirit that actuated the Redeemer, when He reqested the false accusers of an innocent woman, to cast the first stone at her, should take heed, lest they themselves should be found more guilty than the object of their vile and unfounded accusations.

I will not palliate or "ease up" on the criminal record of any and all border towns, nor will I claim for this city, the exemption of vice and crime, only, in so far, that Dodge City, which among so very many people gained so unenviable a reputation, has never been so bad, so morbidly wicked as it has been painted.

The lovely, and always highly scented "rose," may grow amid thorns, which like fierce and threatening daggers appear to stifle its very existence; still, it lives; yea more, the very stem that supports its blooming and

exhileratingly fragrant buds, is studded with sharp and angry prods, which are the charmed protectors of its innocent life. O! how much there is in the harmless little "rose," that can be admired; adorned with beauty's favorite crown, that of being the choicest of flowers, giving forth its gratuitous scent alike, to its companions by day, while drinking in the dews of the heavens during the night, that it may gain more vigor, more refreshing beauty for the task of the morrow. Mid the flowery Kingdom, in this or any other clime, it stands unsurpassed for beauty, for fragrant odor, and for the richness of its hue; sought after alike, by the king on his throne, as well as by the pesant of an humble home, throwing around them both, a halo of queenly beauty and an inspiration of love, that seems to build up, and never tare down, encourage and never forsake.

Like the "rose," there are, and always have been, very good people living in Doge City, people too, who partake very much of that distinctive trait of character, which it would be well for othors to copy after, viz: of *minding one's own business.* And among the few thorns, which are to be found in any city, persons who endeavor to outshine one another, by gossip, tale-bearing and false accusation, this major class of good, loyal and true citizens have not, in our humble judgment, been surpassed by any class of people we have ever yet came in contact with.

Up to but a few years ago, Dodge City was the rendezvous of cattle men, it being a rail-road point, and easy of access, where a generous supply of water could be had, preparatory to shiping them east. Here also, was the center of a stock association, where, from year to year,

the cow-men would meet, to compare their cattle brands, and institute stringent measures against that most nefarious of all thefts, cattle stealing. It was a border town, and though surrounded by a fine agricultural country, the hand of the husbandman had not yet begun to stir her soil, for farming pursuits, as her hills and her vales were, farther than eye could see, covered with roaming herds of native and Texas cattle.

The wild and innocent tender-foot cow-boy played an important part in the reputation Dodge City had gained, for. he was there in a very "numerous roll," and was from as many numerous points "way back East." 'Tis true, the magic wand of prohibition had not yet struck her people, though the city has never since enjoyed such a degree af prosperity as when the foaming beer-mug retailed for fifteen cents per glass, and the scorching hot bumper of red-eye, now hop-tea, stood the purchaser just one quarter of a dollar per glass. Where you have a meeting or rendezvous of an isolated class of people, coming together twice or three times a year for the purpose of shipping stock, yea, a meeting of probably once old-time friends, who have been so indiscriminately cast on the plains betimes, is it not in keeping with the ebullitions of mirth, bound up, more or less, within the heart of every man, to give vent to them on occasions of a general, grand round-up. I am free to admit, that there was, from time to time, an unnecessary amount of dissipation and outlawry carried on, but surely and truly not in the form and manner so frequently pictured on paper and punctured by the pen of so many an evil-minded reporter.

Conceding that Dodge City was a little wild and

woolly at an early day, by reason of an amalgamation of various people, thrown together, first, from almost all known points, and secondly, visited by as many different classes of the human kind, as is posible to mention, and that too, of a people, who, from their very birth, were frozen to the cultivation of a roaming and unsettled condition in their lives. Still, apart from the very many unsavory stories circulated and spread of Dodge City, stories too, which were, in a great many instances, the product of some diseased brain, or the simple visionary promptings of some simpler minded tender-foot in the west.

Our stay, of four years in Dodge City, was of the pleasantest, made so by as generously inclined a class of people as has ever been our lot to meet anywhere; always willing and ready to assist in the promotion of any enterprise that bore the stamp of charity. Many a tale has been spun of "boot-hill" cemetery, where the majority of the present occupants, are said to have died with their "boots on," and were not coffin-couched in a decent and human manner; still, we all know, that it is a very rare case, and I dare say it was among the rarest in Dodge City, where a deliberate preconcerted and premeditated murder was committed without some slight and trivial provocation on the part of the deceased.

"High old times," as the words express them, were had ocasionally, and sometimes too, as often as semi-ocasionally, when a week's frolic would be indulged in by drinking and gaming, sometimes extending to the gray hours of the morn; but, is this any more than is had, even to-day, in many more pretentious cities, where crime of a much more varied hue, is hid away under the

garb of christian civilization. Like an outspoken individual, Dodge, in her palmy (which is almost significant to prosperous)days, showed to the world-wide, that she was candid enough, to be on the ontside, what she truly was within, not mantling her faults or exploding her virtues.

If minds would speak, and pens would write, a more copious tale of woe, and of crime could be easily garnered from many points in the lone star state of Texas, or amid the clifts of Colorado, than was ever heard of in Dodge City, but the latter point was located in Kansas, and Kansas, the flower of the stately kingdom, where a man can be a ranting prohibition by day, and *soak his head*, in real red *licker* by night, and if he dont happen to be *found out*, his chances for governor even, will come, and the mantle of chief executiveness thrown fairly around him.

But I will not indite Kansas, for she is a *leader* in every thing, and made up of all classes of people, that is of all classes, with a conglomeration of nationalities more than exist in any other state in the Union.

To very many friends in Dodge City, I feel deeply grateful for their generous and unstinted liberality to me and my efforts for church, while in their midst, and I trust that those lines, written in a spirit of fairness, will but cement our former fast friendship, and mitigate any seeming wrong that may posibly be inflicted, though very wide of an intentional wrong.

CHAPTER IX.

HIS MANY MISSIONS.

The itenerant missionary priest has very little to enthuse over, or raise his enthusiasm, while the priest of one mission, and consequently a large one, has this one stimulus at least; that he is not compelled to move around from post to pillar, or be many hundred miles from his supposed residence.

When a priest has a large church with hundreds of attendants, a full choir to stimulate his service towards his congregation, and a sexton to do his bidding in preparing things necessary, we can easily imagine that his task is not near as uninviting as the poor missionary, ministering to a few scattered families here and there. We are of human origin, the selfsame composition as that of other men, and while we do not pretend to be anything of a saint, our mind often averts to this vast difference of work between the quasi-rector of one mission and the almost endless field of the priest of many missions. The latter very seldom has a choir in his church, for two very good reasons, first, his church is uncomfortably small, and erected without any provision for a gallery, and secondly, the members being few, and generally living a long way from their mission church, they cannot convene for the practice necessary to organize a church choir.

To go thirty, forty and even fifty miles without breakfast, and then be met with but a few families, many times, only three or four, and say mass in a dugout, sod-house, or some other improvised habitation, seems to me, would require a bit of apostolic zeal so characteristic of a Paul or a Timothy. And though, times without number, this is the case of the poor, and humbled by necessity, devotees of a religion that is as pregnant of Christ and Him crucified, who too, come from a long distance to gain consolation from their christian duties. For God knows, and we feel that He has already properly recorded it in the book of life, the poor homesteader, catholic by birth, though far removed from the education of his youth, is as loyal to his church and as true to the priest who calls to see him from time to time, as the needle is true to the magnet.

We recall an instance now, of a poor kind mother who, some seven years ago, with only an infant babe at her breast for company, rode in a lumber wagon, herself driving the team, a distance of sixty-five miles, from the southren portion of Meade county to Dodge City, for the sole purpose of having her infant child baptized. Think of the wearisome distance gentle reader, one hundred and thirty miles of a round-trip, with no one to care for her team but herself, and no place to stop for shelter except on the wild barren prairie, where night in its inky darkness overtook her, and she was compelled to stop, far beyond the reach of any human help, unhitching that team, and turning them out to limited pasturage, until the dawn of lighter and brighter hours on the morrow. Think of that lonely mother, on that lonely dark night, and upon that still lonlier prai-

rie, with no human companion to cheer or to comfort her, save the innocently prattling babe of her bosom, which she so fondly and lovingly cuddles to her warm and tender embrace. Such faith is reported as having been found in far off Isreal, the faith that our Saviour lauded for its purity, intensity and sympathizing simplicity, a faith, that surely must be akin to the faith of this poor mother, who endured so noble a sacrifice, for the sole purpose of having her babe regenerated in the sacred laver of Baptism. May God have mercy on these poor mothers, inhabiting western prairie homes, and may He sooth their heart-yearnings for the religious training of their young, with as kind and gentle a balm as that of Gilead of old, which will prove a spiritual healing to aching hearts, in being thus necessarily isolated from church and the posibilities of the early christian education of their children.

Another instance of the devout and sincere spirit of catholic christianity will be found in the following, and in no way overdrawn narrative. It was in the year 1886, and in the western part of Finney county, that the glad tidings came to a poor and feebly delicate couple, that mass would be celebrated at Lakin, a small town, and distant from them some twenty or twenty-two miles. A lone couple, with no children, and their nearest neighbor living at a distance of eight miles from them, had pitched their tent there upon a quarter section of land, and under the homestead act, were prosecuting a livelihood as best they could, mid crop-failures and other drawbacks, consequent upon all homesteaders who rush in, pell-mell to a new country. For over three years, their joint efforts at farming had proven a failure, and

the little money they had upon first locating there, was down to less than five dollars, being all of the worldly possessions they had in store, save the remnant of a poor Texas poney and a scrawney, broad-horned cow claiming a like birth-place with the former. With these two critters, they strove to do a little farming, only a few acres at most, but the dry hot winds, had baffled their efforts in that direction. Their lonely and lowly habitation consisted of a sod-house, four feet in the ground and two above it, and eight feet in width by ten feet in length, with not a vestige of furniture in it except that which was roughly made from a few boxes or unplaned boards. On the morning in question, that mass was to be said in the town of Lakin, they rose at midnight, hitched both poney and cow to a much dilapidated and weather-beaten wagon, and started on their journey of twenty two miles, arriving in the town at ten o'clock, half an hour before service. Kind reader, you may imagine the wearisomeness of that long journey, as you very probably, will never realize one like it, and how a dusty road and the scorching rays of a summer's sun must have told on that old couple, as they were slowly drawn along by the tiresome plodding of that jaded team. Tell me, O cushioned pew-holders, in your gilded churches, have you ever experienced a faith like this, that warmed up these poor souls, or rather, have you not felt the want of a belief in a crucified God, that seems so hard to come to you, where these lonely ones are crowned with peace of mind, and consolation of heart at even seeing a spark of what you can realize so often. Tell me not, that a more fervid candidness in religion than this, can be seen in your

eastern palatial churches, for I cannot, nor will I believe it; tired and worn out, they knelt the while mass was being celebrated, and though tears would rise to their eyes and sobs from their weary breasts would heave, we felt that a just and kind God, was noting down their sorrows and necessities and granting them a balm to buoy them up under so many hardships and trying perplexities.

It was months after this meeting, that a telegram came to my home in Dodge, summoning me to go and attend the dying bed-side of the poor old man. Seventy-two miles by rail and twenty-two more by buggy, brought me over an uneven, and at times, a very indistinct road, to that lonely grotto, where I learned that the now dying man, was, about a week previously, bitten on the arm by a centipede. That member had been amputated well-nigh up to the shoulder, but alas! too late, for already the flesh was discoloring and the stench was almost intolerable in that close-confining little room. On my return, and stopping at their nearest, though very distant neighbor, I requested him to go and attend the dying man, which he very readily done. In two days afterward, he died and his remains were forwarded to Dodge, where they laid unnoticed, save by one, his faithful consort in life, but left now poorer and lonelier than ever, since he, the solace of her life, had gone. Recently, I also learned of her demise, in some far away Sisters Hospitle, where, on account of her poverty and old age, she had found an asylum for the passage of her few and fast declining years. May the good Lord have mercy on their poor souls.

There is no lack of instances, like this latter one,

when the poor missionary is called upon, and though the distance be far and the road yet untrodden, he must go, and offer succor to the dying in the administration of the sacraments. And methinks now, would it not be a clever idea, one which is pursued in at least one denomination, that is; to change around once in a while, and give an airing in the more western horizon, to some younger one, that he may learn more closely the sweet sunshine of his own domicle, among a broader civilization, and a far richer harvest field, which is, and will prove to him, if he were given a taste of it, bitterly contrasted by the roughness seen and experienced on western missions. For instance, by previous appointment, you are to have services on a certain date and at a certain place, you go, and though the distance to it, be great, and your expenses heavy in reaching it, there are but two, three, or four families to meet you, and this is the size of your congregation. There is no choir, to add a spark of cheer to the services; alas! in many places, there is no church, and you are to rustle your own convenience, if you have services at all. It may be, however, in the order of things and in keeping with the powers that be, for some poor pioneers to be on the frontier during the entire course of their earthly pilgrimage here, and if it is to be so, for thus it seems, let one good and grand round of commiseration go up for the poor lone missionary, who, like the first setler, stands in his wake, ready and willing to offer comfort and cheer to his christian soul.

CHAPTER XI.

THOSE SUPPOSED PREACHERS.

In my many years residence, within the borders of sunny Kansas, the most of that time being spent in communities that were well nigh exclusively non-catholic, and where, from two to six different denominations existed, I can candidly say, that our intercourse with the members of them all, have been of the friendliest, and of a nature, that has added pleasures instead of crosses, to our daily walk in life. We dare not mention names, for they are legion, many of whom would prefer not to have their friendship prated in a thus public role, and again, this little volume would scarcely contain the names and friendly tokens of so many happy reminiscences among them. And while they all differ from the catholic religion in their teachings, and interpretations of the Good Book, we have often admired the candor and simplicity of many, who, through invincible ignorance apparently, of what the catholic doctrine is, have, in no wise, reflected on something that, as yet, had not been made clear to them as the unerring doctrine of Christ. Far be it removed from any intention of ours, to reflect one iota, on any one, because of his or her's religion; no, for such a reflection is wanting in true christian charity, serves no good purpose, and is diametrically opposed to the good opinion we should

have of all mankind. No man, woman or child can, or dare accuse us, of ever taunting or ridiculing a person because he was not of my faith. Oftimes, though, we have, during our span of years thus far, risen in defense of some tenet of the catholic church, which was wantonly assailed, by a more wanton and untutored creature, in the shape of a fledgling preacher, who would have his hearers believe, that in emerging from the background of his own ignorance, he had a fresh license to tackle something he knew nothing about.

We recall one instance now, where a preacher, of that denomination(we wont mention it,)where some folks, under a little excitement, get more than their share of religion, and go to thumping their heads and bunting the seats around, openly and avowedly averred that; the catholic church had no authority for its mode of baptism, and that his way, by dipping, was the only, and hence, correct way of baptizing. A short time afterwards, I met the gentleman in question, and asked him, by what authority he had indited the catholics for their mode of baptism, viz: pouring. Well, he said; I saw them so baptised by the priests in the churches. Is that all? said I, and he answered, yes; that was what I seen, and was all the proof I wanted. To him I thus spoke: now, my dear man, that conclusion you arrive at, concerning the baptism of catholics, seems very, nay grossly illogical, for, it has been only a few minutes since I saw you take a cool and refreshing drink of water, now, to be as logical as you are, concerning us, am I to conclude that this is the only beverage you use, or, cannot I say, that you also drink wine, beer and whiskey, for, if one assertion stands, surely, the other

has no reason or room to fall; in other words; I saw you drink water, therefore, you drink whiskey.

I assured this gentleman, that he had dropped into the same category, that many of his ilk had done before, and was assailing an institution he knew very little about, by "talking through his hat." For, though the catholic church has one prescribed form of baptism, viz; pouring, she does not deny the *validity* of a baptism by dipping or sprinkling, providing it is done with the intention of doing what the church prescribes and God ordains. Here we find a preacher, one who claims to have a right to expound the words and meaning of Holy writ, who, is evidently, from his own reasoning, not conversant with the real difference, as to when a thing is *valid* and when the same thing is *licit*; for, something may be valid and not licit, while everything that is licit, viz; allowable, is surely valid.

We do not think, that there is a book in existence to-day, which is more pounded about, or its meaning extorted into such cruel shapes, as the poor inoffensive, and all-saving word of God, and so commonly known as the Bible. Well may we say, in these, our times, what St. Paul has said; that "many will wrest the meaning of the Scriptures to their own destruction," for, despite the hard sayings that are found therein, they pretend to solve them all, and the more limited their own knowledge is, the more do they harp away on the Scriptures, and constitute themselves sole interpreters of that Book. They will not tell you, where they got the Bible, but presume that it came direct to them from the apostles, whereas, for fifteen hundred years, the catholic church, and her alone, has been the repository

of the sacred writings, preserving them intact, on parchment hid away in the secret and sacred archives, that they might be spared from the hand of molestation, for the benefit of future generations. In their Bible, viz; King James' version, we do not find the first and second books of Machabees, hence they cannot lay claim to having the entire Bible; and to use a mathematical arguement against them, their part is not greater than our whole.

Not many months back, we were pained at hearing of the utterances, a certain young fledgling, whose pinna-feathers as a preacher had given him license to cackle and crow at the catholics, and who called us some very hard names, without the least provocation whatever. Shortly after this, on meeting the gentleman in question, we politely asked him the cause of his tirade of abuse against the catholic church, and what were his reasons for thus assailing us; and if he had any particular fault to find, what was it, and we would explain or condone his incrimnations against us, as the case might be. Well, said he, "I have heard so and so about you catholics, and have been told this, that and the other about you, and I talked from these." In reply. I said; young man, that is very poor logic, for, if I had heard that you were a half-fool, would that justify me in getting before an audience and exploding it: very fine logic indeed, that, where one judges a book by its cover. The Spanish Inquisition was his hobby, and he seemed to ride it freely, trespassing too, on very dangerous ground, for we offered to wager him fifty dollars, that he could not, in one week's time of searching all accessable history, give the name af a single bishop or

priest, who was directly or indirectly connected with it; nay more, we offered to make him a present of ten dollars, and take his own word, mind you, if he would acknowledge that he had, in his whole life, ever read a work on catholicity by a catholic author, and he vowed he had not. How then, we asked, can you form an honest and unbiassed opinion of the catholic church? how then can you, a self-constituted judge in this hearsay-case against us, render a just and honorable sentence?

It is well-nigh a year now, since one of thoes shouting brethren, in a far-off western county had the affrontery, and succulent bile to let out on us catholics, what he gave as true and genuine gosple, in the following foul and filthy accusations. He said: "the catholic church sanctions dancing, but then, she is not a true or high standard of morality," and, "he who dances is on the highroad to perdition." Hearing that, we were about to take issue with the gentleman, to disprove what he said of us, as catholics, this *worthy devine* relented, and went to one of our members, saying; that he was too hasty in his charges against the catholic church, but, as he did not give the same publicity to his apology, as he had to the false charge he had made against her, we brought our grievance to his personal notice, by saying: that the catholic church had, at all times, discountenanced *round dancing*, for the reason that it was, more or less, the proximate ocasion of sin. To open up his illogical mind, we affirmed, that dancing, wine, whiskey and beer, were perfectly good things in themselves, yes, and that the horrid polecat, the mad-dog or the rattlesnake were also good, in fact, perfectly good, and why? because they came from the hand of God, and to

deny the perfection of their very essence, would be to destroy the creative act, of an all-wise God that brought them into existance. The poor man found, though late in years it came to him, that it was one thing to assert something, but a far different thing to prove it; so he relented again betimes, and said, that he knew but very little concerning the teachings of the catholic church, and that it would be wise for any one, not thoroughly and well acquainted with a thing, to let it severelyalone.

Another instance, of this woefull habit of calling names. There lives, not a thousand miles from our present location, a preacher, who has prided more than once, before on unprejudiced audience, that there was not a catholic priest in the great state of Kansas who would dare meet him in debate, on the topic of religion. He was one of those ranting kind too, but of a different persuasion to the afore-mentioned ones, one who, in the heat of his talk would hurl the coat from his back and thwirl it high in the air first, and then lash it to the floor, jumping upon it, in support of the very powerful effort he was making in the cause of Christ.

In this preacher's neighborhood, there lived a very warm friend of ours, who, from time to time, was pestered with unprovoked assaults on the catholic religion, by some of the satellites of this vociferous expounder of the Scriptures. My friend wrote to me, and said that we were unnecessarily assailed, and that this tantalizing was becoming entirely too common for wholesome recreation; I informed him, that the boot-black was good at calling harsh names, and the penitentiary bird had always a stock of the same weapons on hand, but, there was very little redress to be had againstthem;

still, if some of the warm adherants of this preacher, would put in some tangible shape, their objections against our belief, we would gladly go and defend them. This trap being laid, our preacher friend fell neatly into it, and wrote, what he termed, two propositions, on a half sheet of note paper, as follows: first, "the catholic church opposes drink, but violates the laws of theland," secondly, "she is the mother of sin and harlots, and founded on the devil." Fine language this, coming from the mouth of a preacher, in this wonderfull nineteenth century of ours; grand language this, a flat contradiction in the first, and a treacherous and villainous lie in the latter assertion of my bold bad defier. Our friend engaged the schoolhouse in that district, advertised the *call* for a debate, and it spread far and near, so that a very large gathering assembled to hear both sides of the arguement as to the propositions mentioned. We now, as then, and upon that ocasion, remember that our apponent did not *show up*, and left us alone in our glory, to show to as fine an assembly of people as we most ever met, the falcity of the assertions made by so uncrupelous a wretch.

Little do we wonder, gentle reader, that so many inharmonious and untruthful things are said of us, as catholics, when such unbridled unlicenced scoundrels, go from post to pillar, stifling the best and most noble efforts of many who strive to come to a true knowledge of Christ and His church. Little do we wonder at so many young, tender and mellow minds being so rudely warped against us from the early influence of such ranting on religion; for they were susceptible of the truth and gosple of Christ, in its purity, but the poisonous

taint of those false prophets had reached them first, and we all know, that early impressions are extremely lasting.

How long, O Lord, will those unscrupulous pharisees go roaming about, snatching from the innocent grasp of innocence itself, the salvation of their poor souls. It is time that thinking people, honerable sensible and reasonable people, and at this late date too, should sever an allegience with those who have no more authority to to teach the sacred word of God, than has John Chinaman, the right to serve as president of these grand and glorious United States of ours.

CHAPTER XI.

"STAND UP FOR KANSAS."

The trite axiom, handed down to us from an almost unrecorded time, that "comparisons are odius," will surely stand here for Kansas, as the peer of any and all of her sister states, by way of comparison to the latter; for, that she is preeminently beyond them, in very many, and most all respects, is a proposition so well argued and so definitely demonstrated, that the reverse would be received as a false statement.

In the first place, Kansas, as a state, is the geographical center of the United States, possessing an eveness of landscape, the ideal of many a home-seeker, and endowed with a fertility of soil that grows everything in the category of cereals, save the proverbial "white bean," the land in Kansas not being thin and worthless enough to offer the peculiarly cheap nutrition that is requisite to grow it.

The state of Kansas, settled with an indiscriminate mass of humanity, it seems to be a sort of "catch all" basin, that the migratory portion of mankind love to linger by, and bask in her enervating rays of almost perpetual and perennial sunshine. From the four points of the compass, they come to us in swarms, bringing their cousins, their uncles and their aunts, and they come too, from a very much varied and diversified form

of the parental tree, as colors and shapes will readily indicate. It has been repeatedly affirmed, that no other state in the Union has such a conglomeration of people as has the state of Kansas; there are those who hail from the Briton's grasp, those who have left dear old Ireland far behind, and those of the Fatherland, who are a marked addition to the industrious class of our people, even sunny Italy, adds a few individuals to our throng, and France, too, lends her quota of good and hard working classes.

Above everything else in Kansas, we have indisputably a healthy and soul-uplifting climate, the humidity of the atmosphere is such, that at scarcely any season of the year, is it so rare, as to, in any way, incite an epidemic or foster foreign germs of disease, going to show that surely and without cavil, the health producing elements of our climate are from the touch of a Master Hand.

But to revert to our original thought, of contrasting our State with other older and more eastern ones. By actual personal observation recently made during a visit East, traversing some ten or twelve of the most flourishing and independent states in the galaxy of our Union, we could not well help to note the many glaring contrasts of the climate, the broken fields, the unpainted houses, the rough and uncouth manner of many of their people, to the warm and temperate climate here, the vast unbroken and level fields, the almost invariably painted houses, and the sunny smiles and marked agreeableness of the Kansas people. There, we noticed the quaint and staid old style houses, that were fast tottering to ruin for at least one very marked reason, that of

never having been painted; whereas here, it is the one peculiar ambition of man and woman, that after the house is built, it must receive a coat or two of paint, and of a color that is, at every instance, cheerful and happy. The very old and original chimney of their houses would commence from the ground, forming no close partnership with the house, and then run in a serpentine form to the gable end, extending above the comb of the roof at such a height as would be governed by the amount of the material for its construction, as would be on hand. Very frequently, the log or clabboard walls of those houses would be adorned with a coon-pelt or a "bar," the latter, a recent capture of three or four days hunt; the old worm fence, that seems now, in this enterprising age, to have outlived its former usefulness, can be still seen winding its vulgar form, from the cattle corral to almost the very dooryard of the houses. The great big hungry "*yaller dog*" still lives there, as bony and cadaverous looking as ever; a veritable object of pity, as in the days of old, when he and his kind, were the necessary occupants of the red-man's tepee in the far away western and uncivilized wiles. There is no tax on such an ungainly creature, and the need of a collar is supplemented by two very distinct and unmistakable marks in his general make-up, he having from one to three facinating curls at his outer caudal appendage, and a scinged portion of the hair on his back, which was evidently forced upon him by a too close proximity to the warm stove or blazing fire place. In their houses, as a general thing, there are very few factory-made articles of furniture, they all breathing an air of home-made industry, as well as the home-spun

texture of nearly every article of clothing worn in their housholds, with not an extra gather or pucker in the womens' dresses, nor a frizzle or bang in their head-gear, that would show a stranger, a meek and humble stranger, that they were far behind the times.

Not so in Kansas, her dogs are sleek and fat, her houses are not adorned but left unadorned rather by any unsavory pelt, and their houses are furnished with all factory-made furniture and of the latest pattern; her sons and daughters are clad in the very latest fabric-goods and extremely allied with foreign styles and fashions. Our girls, from their very school-days, hanker after the going styles of dress, and each one, seemingly vies with the other, in matters of taste and dress, until it has become a fad among fads, and the saying goes forth, that "it is better to be out of existence than to be out of the style." Not only do the maiden and womanly portion of our humanity seem gay, cheerful and happy, bnt the courser and sterner sex too, feel the necessity of the growing conventionalism, and go about, well clad and, apparently feeling their importance more than those of their kith and kind, farther eastward.

It cannot be gainsaid, but that our farmers are full of pluck, grit and industrious enterprise, the equal of which, is scarcely seen elsewhere. Here, are broad open fields, undisturbed by roots, rocks or stumps, and a welcomed panoramic scene is thrown out before the farmer's vision, that seems, in every particular, a warm incentive to industry; a country so level, so materially freed from any obstruction, that his plow can turn over more ground in one day's work, than he could in some eastern land, accomplish in a whole week. There, we saw

but small and ungainly blotches of ground used for farming, which by actual count have consumed from ten to fifteen years of hard labor, and still they do not present very fine or easy farms to cultivate, for the "ups" and "downs" are still there just the same.

In the East, many farms are tiled, thereby consuming a vast amount of time and expense, so that a surplus of rain-fall may be carried away; there, in very many instances, large dykes are dug, again calling upon the farmer for an extra amount of hard labor: in fact, a life-time is wasted, ere a piece of ground is cleared of all obstructions, and put in proper shape for the planting and sowing of grain. In Kansas, the case is very different, for men come here, and after locating on, or buying a farm; they can, the very first thing, at the proper time, put their plows in the ground, and keep on ploughing and harvesting, and again plow until checked by the winter frost. Kansas, all told, is strictly an agricultural land, and time will soon develop the fact also, that even the extreme western portions of it, that now serve more for grazing purposes, will all be subdued by the honest hand of the husbandman, until it will be one glowing field of springing corn and wheat. In Kansas, there is very little need of mulching, and nowhere, within her confines, do we find it a necessity, to assist the ground by manuring the soil, for it yields over abundantly without such aid. In our moderate rain-falls, and the light falls of snow, we have experienced that a sufficient amount of ammonia falls, to give the ground the necessary nutriment to grow all manner of cereals, while other lands and other climes, seem to require a superficial aid in order to make them productive. Kan-

sas disclaims all such aids, and is solely dependent on the richness of her soil to grow them. We have said, that the climate of Kansas is temperate and of a very mild nature; her summers being long, and her winter seasons necessarily short, this statement, as a consequence, must be true. At no time, are we subjected to extreme and very radical changes of weather instantaneously, as our seasons come and go, the one always makes due and ample preparation for the other, so that on one being ushered in upon us at a proper and opportune period, we less experience the change, by an ample preparation for it, as it comes in due course of time; and while other climes experience but two seasons in a year, the one winter and the other summer, we have in Kansas, the full four seasons of the year, Winter, Spring, Summer and Autumn. As to the health of our state, it cannot be denied, but that the red-man, in all his pristine and subsequent ambitions, sought after a climate, that to him would be more temperate in sunshine and in hail, and giving him due credit for knowing a "thing or two," it has passed to the page of history, that his last "debut," ere entering the "happy hunting grounds" was to inhabit the sunny clime of Kansas' fair soil. This red-man, has hung on, by reservation and otherwise, to many portions of Kansas, thereby going to show, that this happy and generously temperate climate, was highly prized even by him and his tribes.

In Kansas, as a general thing, a farmer is not content without possessing one hundred and sixty acres of tillable land, whereas, in many eastern states, he must be content with thirty, forty or sixty acres at most; now may we ask the intelligent reader, which is most profit-

able, for a man with a large family, that he may live for and support such, from a small or a large farm? The answer will surely come, that as one hundred and sixty acres is more than any of the above named pieces of ground, he will sooner realize an independency from this latter, than he would from any of the former pieces of ground.

We have oftimes thought, that if those hard-working and industrious class of farmers, who toil from one end of the year to another, in their anxiety, at some future day, to have a small piece of ground cleared, were apprized of the very natural advantages Kansas affords to the industrious farmer, he would no longer hesitate, but would readily pick up and come to a land, that would afford him so much pleasure in its cultivation, and teem with glowing results to his untiring hand, instead of wearing a life away, mid the almost insurmountable obstacles he has to overcome where he now is.

On the broad sunny soil of Kansas, one can, from time to time, hear the information, that if our folks back in Missouri, or Illinois or Iowa or Ohio, only knew and could realize how easy it is, to farm here, how soon would they gather their little effects together and come amongst us, instead of wearing their lives away on those side-hill slopes, and craggy clifts, and where they have spend years and years of arduous toil, only to have a partially cleared farm even yet, with many, very many obstacles still in their way,

We challenge any other state in the Union, it matters not where it lays, or what other material advantages it has over us, to produce a like number of farmers, who have, in so short a time, procured happy and inde-

pendent homes, as have our Kansas farmers. It seems but the result of a few years of farming in Kansas, when a farmer can enjoy that independency and the happy comfort of enjoying his own home, which has not resulted to him in eastern states after so many years of toil. The evidence of what I say, can be amply vouched for, by every resident of this state, who is himself a worthy representative of her prowess, her wealth and her realizations.

Is it a wonder then, gentle reader, that we are so thoroughly imbued with that spirit of absolute fairness, which prompts us, to "stand up for Kansas." Is it not rather our imperative duty, knowing as we do, the wonderful and most beneficent resources of our gigantic state, to herald her glories abroad, so that those who are yet unshielded by her protecting wing, may not linger longer, but hurry and place themselves under her protecting wings of peace and prosperity for all time to come, and thus, making "a word to the wise sufficient."

Little wonder, do we say again, that we sing the praises of Kansas, for we have been with her long, in the earliest of her struggles and the most trying period of her past, as well as partaking of many of her bountiful and most gracious blessings, and why should we be silent in singing and sounding her praises which can be so easily done.

Her haven is a peacable port of entry, to the earnest and industrious son of toil, with no room for laggards or drones, for ours is an enterprising and prosperous people, whose sole ambition is to acquire that competence, stimulated by the three great monitors that every one in life should have to guide him, viz: a settled aim in life, industry second, and finally, perseverance.

CHAPTER XII.

"THE CAUSE OF HARD TIMES."

That the year 1893 has been a most phenominally hard year in Southwestern Kansas, goes without saying; and to still add distress to the financial straights throughout the land, we passsed through a wonderfully dry and hot summer, scorching the crops, and burning the very grass on our prairies. It has been such an ordeal for the producing element of our communities, viz: the farmer, that many have grown discouraged, abandoned their once happy homes, and have turned their faces eastward in quest of much needed employment. Equally true too, has the winter of '93 and '94 come upon us, with a greater and more marked phenomenonal mildness, the like of such mild and temperate weather for a winter season, cannot be recalled during the history of our State. In the face of this dreadfully hard extreme, we cannot but think, that the latter has been a kindly visit, from a most bountiful Providence, both to man and beast; for with a due scarcity of crops and an almost total absence of fodder, the one, as well as the other would, in the event of a cruel and biting winter, be confronted with an untold amount of suffering, misery and loss. "Some days must be dark and dreary," says the poet, and if they were not, some ungrateful man, would not be grateful enough to acknowledge the "Silver lining," which too, so very often

appears, to elevate the drooping spirit, and cure the aching heart. "No crown, without a cross," has been the maxim of the poor western farmer, and we feel like predicting for him, that his darkest hour has past, and now, his days must be less dreary.

But, why have we experienced, during the passage of the last year, such a dreadful panic, such close times in money matters, and such dearth of the medium to procure our commodities. which in former years, would almost come at our beck. to supply our every want?

Listen, attentively, kind reader, and I will give, if not the real existing reasons, at least, they must appear as very plausible, in the absence of others.

You will possibly say, that the cause, rests with the present Administration; that is not it, nor should one be so hide-bound in his political belief, let it be what it may, as to charge an almost national calamity, to any Administration.

You well remember, that some seven years ago, a wild and reckless boom passed throughout the west, when men came, on the visionary promises of real-estate brokers and unscrupulous land speculators, to mine, as it were, a mint of money, by investing in a corner lot.

P. T. Barnum could not have better drawn the crowd westward, than did those sharks, for people came by the hundreds of thousands, with the wild, nay, worse than wild story of speculating in real estate, buzzing in their ears. Many were reported, by reckless and guilty advertising in eastern newspapers, to have amassed an enormous fortune, by the exchange of one twenty-five foot lot; and so more people came, and nibbled at the treacherous hook of those wiley rascals, until an

untold number of unsuspecting ones, were left dabbling on the hook of a busted boom, with choice corner lots "for sale." Apparently, every body was making money, but the fact and truth of the matter was, that where one made it, hundreds were putting "their all," into an irredeemable abyss, from which they have not crept to this day; calling upon their monied friends east, they kept right on paying fabulous prices for almost worthless lots, and mortgaging those over and over again, in order to still further secure some choice tid-bits of Adam's footstool, that would "some day," revert to their everlasting independence, and lull their frenzied greed in the sweet bye and bye.

Bye and bye, a reaction came, the wiley manipulators of those fraud booms "skipped," and left their indelible trace behind. There being nothing behind to support those inflated land sales, the bubble busted, and the contents were glaringly noted, drooped forever, according to the folly of man. Many realizing the "drap," began to unload their once priceless treasures, at very grave sacrifices, while their sterner bretheren kept "holding on," with a "grip" almost epidemical, hoping against hope, that some day, their values would be restored; and they too are stored away in the archives, too sacred for memory to touch.

At this time of inflation in real-estate values, people thought themselves rich, and consequently, began to "put on airs," by loosing sight of their formerly humble and lowly thatched cottage, and seriously contemplating the erection of a mammoth gothic structure *a-la*-Queen Anne style. Up went those finely planned

edifices, and no paines were spared or expenses curtailed, to make theirs the finest in the whole neighborhood. Costly lots, costly lumber, costly painti ', costly side-walks, costly barns, costly equipages, in fine, costly horses and costly dogs, all built on the ever—sure-to-bust-bubble—wind.

Not like now, people lived high, even the farming portions of our communities were fast copy' 'g after their city brethern, and running headlong and ruinously into debt, by purchasing more mortgaged farms, by stocking them with the latest and most costly patterns of machinery, until burden was heaped upon burdens, and nine-tenths of our honest, horney-handed sons of toil were immerged in a sea of unmistakable entanglement. To this glaring aspect of things, every one became awestricken at the wonderful change of times and things; and no one was wise enough to call a halt, or ask the question: can such a state of affairs last always? In the wake of this wonderful area of prosperity, there came a sudden qualm, a sickening, dull and a woefully heavy thud, which marked the fall and utter ruin of so countless a number, who awoke from the mesmeric touch of a boom they so readily and truly trusted.

Speculation in town property had grown stale, nearly all were "long" on "corner" and "inside" lots, while money, ah! money, the bane of so many, was very, very "short."

Mortgages began to fall due, on these high-priced lands, and eastern lenders were clamoring for their own. A wail of insecurity from the west, had reached their

ears and they grew nervous for fear of losing what they had expected to bring in so high a rate of interest, in the past highly spoken of and flourishing west.

Subsequent to that period of boom-days, crop failures came in their wake, and may we be again allowed the surmise, here, of a hand-ruling of Providence, to warn mankind of their former folly and over anxiety for wealth.

Even to-day, and although a depression of a very serious nature confronts us still, there are thousands upon thousands of dollars sent back east, in the way of loans and high-rated interest, that of itself alone, is sufficent to harass our people, and this too, in the face of the very low price of wheat, the one principal cereal of Southwestern Kansas. Again the reckless buying of costly farm machinery, has from time to time, seriously crippled our farmers, and the interest accruing, that gnaws at his head by day, and his bed-post by night, makes him the slave of a worthless foreign foe, who is as relentless to look at his condition, and commiserate his surroundings by an extension of time, as a dove would be in the eyes of a hungry dragon.

Brought on to be sure, in very many instances, by himself and the whims of his own sweet will, the farmer is again negligent to the duty he owes, in caring for these necessary means of his industry, his stock, by a reckless care, leaving them unprovided with shelter, and abandoned to the weather, from the first of June, until the first of the same month the following year.

We have bought too much and bought it on time, is the cause of this cry of hard times, and no Administration, I care not what it might be, can relieve us un-

til we put into practice more retrenchment and more economy in our every day purchases. For, how can a man smoke eight or ten cigars daily, sign for a druggist's permit to violate the prohibitory law two or three times a week, and sport around the country in the latest fad of a buggy, drawn by a two-year-old Percheon or a fancy trotter from the family of Harry Wilkes, without being necessarily let down financially.

People, that is I mean some people, for to include them all would be somewhat in the nature of a libel, think it is so nice to get good credit or "tick" at the stores, and they buy, perforce of this license, so carelessly and unprovidentially, that when the time comes for a settlement of their bills, why they are astonished at the magnitude of their account, and some of them are so unscrupulously unfair as to question the honesty of their debt; it really would make one hunger after a stick, to see such an ungrateful kicker live in a civilized community.

Because wheat is at a ruinously low price; because the horse and cattle market is low; in fact, because all the products of the farm are down to very unprofitable figures, are reasons why we should be more cautious about going into debt and practice more economy in our every household. For, give me a home, a cherished farm home, free from the ligaments and ulcerous fetters of debt, where peace and contentment reign supreme, untrammeled by various duns or drafts, and you have the ideal place, that the good and kindly poet, Tom Moore sang of: "Home Sweet Home."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARKANSAS VALLEY POET.

The following verses, by Mr. G. A. W. Bodecker, of Bucklin, Kansas, were tendered the author some months ago, and we take great pleasure in having them inserted here. Mr. Bodecker is an old-time westerner, and, having come to Kansas in an early day he cast his lot, with his all, here, and though many times, with his cheerful and happy family, meeting with reverses of a trying nature, he still reposes the same confidence in the outcome of South-western Kansas. as the author has entertained, that it will some day blossom out and bloom as the rose. Full of grit and energy, he is ever hopeful, and never appears at his best, except when singing the praises of Sunny Southern Kansas.

Some call me poet, of Arkansas Valley.
I feel not proud, and neither jolly;
But sing in this valley, out in the far West,
Because I have built in this Valley my nest.

Like a bird sings at home,
In the trees where she roams
Where she builds a nest,
And takes her rest.

Where I have a wife, I love as much as heaven,
And also my children, who number seven;
Sometimes out of humor, something goes wrong,
I take paper and pencil, and write me a song.

This may not be fashion or be very wise,
But never get angry, this be my advice,
I naturally sing in Arkansas Valley, far west,
Because I built in this Valley my nest.

WESTERN KANSAS.

Western Kansas is a great country of wealth,
Because it is the greatest country of health,
And as long as you take this country in reality,
You will always surely find that it will you repay.

But whenever you indulge in booms and schemes,
You are out of reality, living in dreams;
But dreams of bright colors,—often blue,
And very seldom, our dreams,—are true.

Do not borrow too much money,
And do not often vote those bonds;
Then you will surely live more happy,
And not be always out of funds.

You think what is best, or as you please,
And never think a Dutchman as a geese;
For some day, I will live up to the golden rule,
Though often traced up, to be found a fool.

A GREAT SPIRIT.

A Spirit is, in every motion,
Every where, o'er land and ocean;

There is knowledge, and a permanent stand,
But never, I think, never, an end.

If this world, momentarilly, came to an end,
At a moment's notice, a new world at hand;
Whoever thinks, an end somewhere must be,
He may travel, ever and ever, to see.

There are many things, we never see,
A spirit of motion, forever, will be;
In hopes living, forever, and ever,
There is space,—but an end, I think, never.

Wherever and ever, I may be,
A spirit of motion is with me,
Over land, mountain, forest, in cave,
Or, on the highest of the ocean's wave.

O! I do love to look, at the jeweled firmament,
Lighted up, with the largest brightest diamond;
To the never and never, everlasting end,
How glorious, splendid, beautiful and grand.

You asked me once, kindly, something to write.
I have written these, my thoughts to-night,
By motion, of beautiful starlight's delight,
Father and friend, my regards, good night.

REMEMBER ME.

I've been living in Kansas sixteen years,
You, always to me, so noble and dear;
If in your book, is left yet a space,
Remember me, if to your book, no disgrace.

Mention me, a hard laborer for immigration,
And a benefactor for Western Kansas population;
I always have tried, and am for Kansas' welfare,
When ever I had opportunity and time to spare,

I wish you sincerely, and in earnest,
That your book, will reap you a good harvest;
You labor hard, and don't think my remarks ob-
Without doubt, you will be rewarded, sure. [scure,

CHAPTER XIV.

IN A SNOW BLOCKADE.

Owing to the improvised and poorly established equipments of many of our railroads, a snow blockade is an extremely sad occurrence, in South-western Kansas; in fact, they come as an annual visitor, to disturb the hilarity of our usually smooth and sombre sailing.

These blockades are ushered in upon us, by a piercingly cold wind, which, off-times, assumes a velocity of rarely less than sixty miles an hour, coming from the north, with blinding snow, and with such force as to impede all travel, reminding one very much, of a huge and ferocious beast on a wild reckless rampage.

The blizzard, or snow-block, of the year 1886, is yet fresh in the minds of many, when whole herds of cattle, thousands in number, were frozen to death, the like of which has never yet been seen, by the oldest cow-man. That winter, too, marked by a certain degree of severity, which theretofore, had been unsurpassed, was noted for its great mortality of man; so great indeed, that it was impossible to glean an acurate number of poor cow-men and ranchers whose lives were not engulfed by the storm. It was our wonted portion, that winter, to see many a poor homesteader, their wives and children frozen in death, lost forever, to

their new found fortune, a claim, and forever seperated from dear friends left behind in many homes and climes.

It has often appeared to us, unpardonably foolish, on the part of many homeseekers, who, without the necessary comforts of life, led on by a wild and reckless spirit, for a claim, usher their poor helpless families into unbroken wilds, where destitution and want, must sooner or later overtake them. Without food for themselves, or a thought given to the few head of stock they may have, they embark on an errand, that so many times has entailed death to the former, as well as the latter, and in many cases, whole families are swept away by one of those impetuous, unchecking and relentless blizzards.

At Protection, Clark county, Kansas, in the fore part of December, 1892, we were struck by one of those blizzards, strong enough to unfleece the wool from a herd of sheep, and so cold, that Old Mercury stood still, waiting like ourselves to be thawed out. What a contrast, we had left the warm and hospitable hearth of dear good friends at Englewood, early that morning, where too, everything was as comfort could desire it, a most pleasant home, with viands the most delicious, and in the midst of all that was most agreeable, so soon, however, to be overtaken by one of those blizzardy monsters that so suddenly blocked our train. For a whole day, we laid there, pending as it were from a rope, for we could neither advance forwards, nor could our train be backed to the last station, for fear of being ditched in the snow, the drift being so great. Even there, in what was to us all, a most solemn hour, there was mirth and no small amount of good

feeling, reminding one very forcibly, that even, at a funeral, something of comicality's side, can be seen.

There were some fifteen passengers on board the train, and it did appear, that in one "holy minute," we were all acquainted with each other. It was in the morning, about seven o'clock that we came to a halt, and with no provisions made for a "standstill" of this kind, and there being no "grub" in sight, a quandary arose as to appeasing so many appetites. The news boy shelled out his scanty horde of peanuts, and the few oranges he had in sight, went around, scarcely sufficing for a morning meal. The noon hour came, but no dinner with it, and the keen raw edge of an unappeasing appetite seemed to gnaw its bitterest, but alas, there was no "grub."

The reader may ask, what did we do in the meantime? What would you do? or what would any other companionable gentlemen do, under such circumstances? Why, we played high-five and whist, and amused ourselves as best we could, feasting betimes, on the mirth and fun that can only be created by a snowbound crew. Our conductor, noble fellow, stood the live-long day, at his post of duty, striving to get his train along to a haven of rest, so that the night might not catch us in the days dire want for something to eat, for though fat and lean, we are not constituted like the bear, who in such cases, can hybernate.

Towards evening, a couple of our brave crew set out to the little town, in order to procure a conveyance and some food, and well they succeded, for, by eight o'clock that evening, a team hove in sight, the most welcome messenger we could wish for, and we all tum-

bled into the wagon for a "ride." It was after nine o'clock when we reached the unpretentious hostlery of Aunt Jane, with our teeth chattering, from cold, and our mouths watering badly for sometning to eat. We did eat, and we mind now the expression of a new butcher, that had just came to town, that "he came to stay," picking was so extremely good. We learned shortly afterward, that the next beef he strung, after our encampment there, nearly all dried on his hands.

Aunt Jane made us some shake-downs, on the floor, some of them of down, some not so downy, but all were clear down—next to the floor. For three long days, and they were fearfully long too, we dined and supped with our new found hostess, but we dared not wile the dull hours away, in our usual game of high-five, for Aunty, belonged to the church. In the meantime our faithful and fearless engineer was bucking the mountains of snow, striving at great personal risk, to plow the way clear for us. We can peacefully and calmly walk through a lonesome grave yard, at the dead of night, when everything seems dead, and have given up the ghost; we can approach with a certain amount of confidence, a treacherously and swollen stream, and if needs be, we could swim it; we could too, at the order of "hands up" by a dastardly night robber, "cough up" our loose change, with a marked degree of alacrity, but where we draw the line of our bravery, is, to rush, with lightning speed, and the throttle valve wide open on one of those poor Santa Fe engines, into a bank of snow, making redemption almost impossible.

In ones anxiety to get home, or get somewhere else, besides snow-bound headquarters, he is ever ready to mount the first out-going train.

We accomplished this feat once, and boarding a train that was being trailed by the snow-plow; and after going some three miles distance, we very complacently took in the situation, that if the engine got through, why we would also be there; but alas! man's fondest hopes are blasted, and his dreams doomed to disappointment, for along comes the "Con," and he says "walk," so you take your turn in "getting off," and mind you, there is no way of fixing it, for once off, you stay of that railroad train.

Think of it, to be put off at Sarataga, a town, bereft of its "boom," a foot and alone, snow, waist deep, night coming on, no place to stay, and not enough love in your breart, or money in your jeans, to drive a single simple spark of commiseration for benighted, behungered and bedragled wonderer, into a soulless creature, by accident of course, who would lend you his assistance homeward.

CHAPTER XV.

PHOHIBITION IN KANSAS.

Constitutionally, we are opposed to prohibition, at least to the prohibition we have in Kansas, and can't very well help it, for we "are built" that way. It is in seeming bad taste, however, to the mind of a logician and a reasonably well thinking man, to oppose something, without first, giving some real reason or a palpably good argument for raising such an opposition.

Carrying out this proposition, we should endeavor, to follow in the groove of the ancient pagan philosophers, who, when anything of a paramount importance was presented to their view, they first, carefully and cautiously scanned its every import, and then, that which was good, they culled and gracefully accepted, but that which was diametrically opposed to their reason, sense and good judgement, they laid aside. We fully realize the fact, or rather the "fad," which is greatly in vogue now-a-days, of critisizing and condemning almost everything, it matters not what, at the first sight,if it does not readily and aptly meet the full approbation of our whims, our fancies, or our follies, leaving out altogether our sober sense, and a passage of our good judgement upon the same. In a brief manner then, we wish to make patent to

the minds of our indulgent readers, why we are, and always have been, opposed to this "farce," of prohibition. And I want to say right here, that I don't want to be interrupted, by any lickspittle preacher, who goes from pillar to post, seeking notoriety by harping on prohibition, when all his stock and trade has gone a glimmering.

Since May, 1881, the Statutes of the great State of Kansas, have been unduly coerced, belabored into woe, and sorely afflicted with that piece of sumptuary legislation, called "prohibition," enacted as a law, by some of the most uncompromisingly rampant cranks and hyprocrites, the state has ever known, and men too, who have not scrupled to violate the very law of their own creation; so much so, that it has almost become a trite but truthful saying: show me a prohibitionist, and I will show you one of the most veritable cranks in existence. After the passage of this law at Topeka, the capitol of our State, what did those great goody-goody men do? Why it is a well known fact, that the most of them went on a "hilarious toot," lasting for over a week; and when they had tooted their last toot, and were lulled into a soporific stupor, by unprecedented bacchanalian efforts, when they awoke they were puzzled to know. whether or not, the prohibitory law passed.

Wonderful legislation this, that will place a galling yoke on a free people, and go into drunken hysterics. because their "cause" was successful. We have seen so much of this hypocritical nonsense, that were we a judge, in any of the judicial districts of the State of Kansas, we would seriously hesitate to, now mind

you, we are conscientiously speaking, before we would allow a cranky, pessimistic, prohibitionist, to sit on a jury, in the trial of some poor unfortunate fellow, who was caught vending a spirituous drink of "hop-tea," or peddling a bottle of wholesome Anheuser, for we would consider him an incompetent juror, owing to his "pet hobby," prohibition. We are frank enough however, to admit, that a prohibitionist, if not too far gone, would be an equally competent juror, in other and more criminal trials by jury.

To legislate a people into morality, has ever been a most fruitless task, even among the Egyptians of old, where upwards of three thousand years ago, a few cranks were found, endeavoring to pose as models, whereas, they were found to be the loud-mouthed pharisees, striving to impose upon a people a supposed moral code, through and by means of class and sumptuary legislation. Now we don't want any loose-tongued preacher, to rid himself of more bile, by saying: we Catholics drink, for, we will give him a pointer, that there are in the United States alone, upwards of two million Catholics, who are total abstainers; and though we grant the privilege, the abuse must be checked. Yes, there are more teetotalers, in the membership of the Catholic church, to-day, than there are in all the other denominations put together, and they are so by virtue of their own conscience too, and, they would not seek garret, cellar or joint to get it in, either.

We once, knew a preacher, in a far-off eastern city of the great state of Kansas, who would harrangue his hearers for six nights in the week, on the wonder-

ful effects of the prohibitory law, and give them a double dose on Sunday night, excoriating, *a la* Sam Jones style, the violators of this gigantic bonanza to tippling humanity.

This same wolf, in the garb of a lamb, needed a little rest, from so arduous a strain, and he one evening purchased a "whole quart," of the article he had repeatedly told his following, would intoxicate and tare away the brains of the very strongest man, and getting upon a train bound for Topeka, he uncorked that bottle, (in all privacy. of course,) and on reaching his destination, his brains had been torn away, and through the effulgent kindness of the conductor and brakeman, in their generous sympathy to that besotted mess of humanity, he was unloaded in a stupor of drunkeness.

In one of our western counties, there lives a county attorney, who is modelled after, by every old woman in that community, and he is held up to many erring sons of the place, as one of the most pronounced, and stalwart advocates of the temperance law, and the personal solliloquies the court pleadings of this pharisee, would almost, deceive "the elect," even, were one to hear him in an encounter with a violator of this great law. This same county attorney, with many of his ilk, do their own "dear drinking," when far, far from home, at the well screened Elk's in Topeka, or the Casino, in Kansas City. Such hypocritical "poojahs" as those, serve but to keep our State in contentious turmoil, in striving to enforce, at home, what they would violate abroad. Better would it be, to take your glass of beer or wine, at home, or away from

home, though the world looked on, and all the old hags in the country were hysterically hypnotised; better, by far would it be, if all such like old roosters, would dispense a little of this bottled-up-sunshine of temperament in their own families, and in their own communities too, for that matter, than to have it mellowed by drinks, and generously varied drinks, so far away from home.

Some eight years since, while going from Meade to Dodge City by stage, another instance was offered where preaching prohibition, did not chime with its practice. The occupants of the stage were a genteel and lady-like school marm, who had just proved up a claim, and an elderly, but rotund woman, and myself. It was a cold crisp morning, and as is usual with ladies traveling, having very few wraps, those two were similarly fixed, we having two very heavy double blankets, divided covers and sped onwards. The morning was too cool, I presume, for the elderly lady to talk prohibition, though a hobby of hers, in fact, it was too cool to do much talking on any subject, save an occasional amount on the increasing cold and the slow pace of the horses, so she took up the question of religion, she being a Quaker.

If there is anything we desire more than talking religion or politics with a woman, it is to go to sleep in a rollicking jolting stage, to get your head severely bobbed by the semi-occasional bobs and nods a sleeper must, perforce experience. On and on did she talk, all the while having it her own way, for the the audience though few, were overly attentive, save the few attempts we made a nodding. Fifteen or

twenty miles were passed, and the poor woman began to lag, and she commenced to feel very chill and bad, she said; we again divided our wraps with her, but to no use, she kept growing more fussy and complaining than ever. In the presence of two ladies, the only passengers of that coach, outside of ourself, we felt a little chary, in offering that dear creatuae, a "smile" from a half-pint vial, which we invariably carried, for emergency sake, you know, and which was stamped "good," to qualify it from the inferior article, that tangle the feet, and make persons rich in a "holy minit." Our long ride together, however, and the solicitude we expressed, from time to time, respecting the good lady's welfare, had engendered a friendly and sociable acquaintanceship, so we proffered her the only panacea in our possession, stating that it would have a tendency to warm her, stimulate her anatomy to better encounter the yet long ride before us.

She very modestly took the little vial, and Eve-like tasted of it, only to empty its contents, handing us back the empty bottle; and the road to Dodge City, though long and lonely, was, I assure you, more pleasantly traveled, and the good lady seemed exceedingly thankful for our solicitude in her behalf. We do not mention this, in a spirit of sarcasm, nor do we wish to impute any wrong doing, to any person doing as this good lady done, but what we do abhor and most despicably despise, is to be a prohibitionist one day, and a strong anti, the next.

If our national government would forever forbid, and fine by imprisonment, for a greater or less period, the distillers of all liquors, we would lend our sanc-

tion to such a law, but when our general commonwealth, licenses the sale of it, by the collection of a revenue for its dispensing, we say, there is, if not directly, at least tacitly and indirectly, an absolute permission or grant, given to parties or persons, to dispense the same.

You cannot legislate a people into morality, that must come by persuasion; as well might you try to legislate the course, the Arkansas river should take, or the track, a jack-rabbit should follow, when first started by a pack of hounds.

There is no county, in the State of Kansas, but which has been taxed enormously, and in many of them, there is a most stupendous outlay of the poor people's money, extorted from the county treasuries, extorted for a futile attempt to bring violators of this traffic to justice, bringing to county attorneys, fees, and a very material lessening of the county monies,

It is surprising, nay more stupendously inharmonious, to see to what stretches of logic and reason, some of those would-be reformers go, for instance; recently we received a short, pithy pamphlet, evidently written by some crank, on the subject of prohibition, and who, excoriates from "the shoulder," any and all violators of what he terms a "boom law."

For instance, he says: "Is there any moderation, tolerated in the crime of murder or adultry? and if not, there can be none in the crime of intemperance." This is logic for you, with a vengence. Comparisons are odious things oftimes, but everything seems "to go,"in the minds of one, who is "clear gone" on his hobby, prohibition. The crimes of adultry

and murder are such, without gradation or extenuation, consequently, crimes de facto, by the very act; whereas intemperance, while a grave sin too, is extenuated by a degree of moderation in the use of that which makes intemperant; as well might one say fire is bad, because it burns, while the same fire may warm the food that nourishes us.

We are so convinced of the utter futility of the prohibitory law, that we give this as a pardonable prediction, that at some future day, and we don't think it far away either, when the liberal minded, the true and sincerely spirited mind of our people in this State, will rise and antagonize such a law, by relegating all its past efforts as a woeful legacy to the mountebanks and hypocrites who attempted to violate the sacredness of our State Statutes, by its too premature insertion thereon.

Men are created free, are independent, save to their God, and conscience, and there is a greater law than the prohibitory enactment, within the breast of every human and intelligent being that tells him, this far shalt thou go, and no farther; and if a glass of beer soothes the appetite of the hard-working German, give it to him; and if the colorless glass of wine creates a qualm in the breast of the Frenchman, don't deprive him of his right to take it, and if the Irishman thinks a drop of the "cratur" will nerve his drooping spirits, why let the poor man have it.

The use may lead to the abuse, and this latter can be punished, as can the other violations of our laws, with becoming justice and magnanimous equity, thereby creating a great saving in the host of liars.

and perjurers this prohibitory has inflicted respectible communities with, thereby too, lessening crime, in any community, where a person, in order to get a drink, must take a half or a whole pint, to rid himself of the quantity and quality of as a poor an article of "goods" as was ever bagained for.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PRIEST'S SALARY.

Many persons, wonder how a priest is paid, and what salary does he get, or, is he paid by some "aid-uplifting and missionizing agency," not of this realm; so in this short chapter, we will give the reader, an accurate statement, at least, as to how we have been paid in the years past, and I am forced to conclude, that the same method of indemnification, will apply to every western priest, or missionary.

In an eastern parish or mission, where the population of its members justify it, there is a resident pastor, and he is paid a salary, of from seven hundred dollars to one thousand dollars, per annum; in very rare cases, however, is the salary as large as this last amount, and it is allowed, only where the expense is increased, by the employment of more help.

There, it is easy to command one's salary, for it comes, or, rather it is taken out of the ordinary, as well as the extraordinary revenues of the church, as from rent of pews, socials, fairs and picnics, held from time to time, in order to replenish a failing exchequer. In the west, however, it is far different, owing principally, to a sparcely settled congregation, and hence, the whole salary or revenue a priest receives, very greatly and I might say entirely, comes from the vol-

nntary pittance of those who are in attendance at service, consequently, if the attendance is small, the salary is in porportion, small too, and in very many instances, not sufficient to balance the sum of his traveling expenses. So then, if a western priest does not keep moving, and in almost continual attendance with his scattered and isolated little flock, very often, not more than three or four families, he draws no pay, and though his expense of living goes on, his income has stopped, and he is necessarily bound to go behind, financially.

This, in time, becomes very monotonous, but there is no redress, and he must again pick up where he left off, and keep a "going," so that the soul may not be severed from its body by means of penury, want and starvation.

Other churches seem to have sources of reimbursement for their preachers, when their line of duty does not pay; with us, however, there is no such supplementary assistance, at least I have never been very fortunate in having my exchequer imbursed from any other avenues, save those which I opened by work and by travel. Many other associations throughout the the land, which are not self-sustaining, are kept up by outside aid, lest they drop into that desuetude that knows no waking.

Let me particularize, the physician who is called to a patient, some twenty miles away, is paid for the number of miles he travels, and his pay is sure, for he can collect it by law; and his pay for this one instance, would be, abont twenty or twenty-five dollars, and he is called to see but one person; whereas, if a priest goes the same number of miles, and serves from twenty to

fifty people, by holding services for them, he is "put off," with a miserable pittance, in the shape of a contribution, amounting, sometimes to three or four dollars, and moretimes, to far less than that.

The injunction of St. Paul, "that those who preach the gospel, must live by it," is almost lost sight of in these, our times, but more especially in the west, where the few scattering members are so far apart and consequently, entailing an outlay to reach them, more than the revenue received. Consequent upon this state of things, let a poor year, like that of 1893, come upon a priest in the west, and he is not only, in a hard row of stumps, but in a hard row, any way you take it, and like other heads, he nears the brink of bankruptcy and financial poverty. The drummer, is allowed by the firm for which he travels, a sum of from twenty-five to fifty dollars per week, for his traveling expenses alone, but a priest must meet these same expenses of the drummer, and eke out a supposed living, from the few dollars bestowed upon him, from the charity, supposedly contributed from the charitably inclined. How long this state of affairs will continue, I know not, but there seems to be a discrepancy, right here, that ought to be righted, in some more plausible way, than it seems to be at this writing.

Again, a priest gets a sick-call, and sick-calls, as a general thing, are non-remunerative, and it does not matter, whether he owns his private conveyance or not, he goes, and in most cases, he is out the price of a livery team, or a good round railroad fare, all for sweet charity's sake, but the doctor, who makes the same trip, is generously paid, for he has the law to back him, in the collection of his services.

Not many years back, we had one of those sick-calls, and along with being out the price of a team, that we hired, it was our sad misfortune, to have one of the horses sicken and die on our hands, but the party visited, afterwards, learning of our bad luck, took it all as a matter of course, and we were *out* the horse and the hire of the team besides.

The doctor, the lawyer, the laborer of every kind, have their fees or their prices for professional duty, or manual labor, but the priest would be hard and cruel were he to place a set sum on his professional service, and hence he goes a begging, after the little he gets.

Many people think, and they very often put into practice the thought, that what is given a priest, is charity, whereas justice, and not charity, demands that the priest as well as any other professional man, be paid for his services.

There are many people in the world, who, I am sorry to say, let blind prejudice and blinder bigotry, block their better judgment and self-respect, in repeating the stale and oft repeated assertion, that "priests make their money easy." In our very midst here, I have heard it said, more than a dozen times over, that a certain priest received three hundred dollars for forgiving the sin of one of his parishoners who was charged with killing a man; whereas, the truth of the matter, and related to me by the man himself—was, that he gave the priest fifteen dollars, to assist him out of some pecuniary entanglement, in the way of settling some personal debt.

Many people too, have heard from time to time, that foulest of aspersions, that priests receive money

from the *confessional*, or, for forgiving sins, are to be pitied and not censured, for they have innocently listened to some old jade of a lying preacher, who gave it to them as *his* gospel. The Digger Indian, or John Chinaman would feel humiliated, if such an imputation were cast at their door, and though half tutored, and uncivilized, their sense of justice, and truth, teaches them, to not impute to any one, a charge, that they are not fully cognizant of, or know to be true, beyond the barest shadow of peradventure.

The salary of priests, in the west, is a very meagre affair, slight in proportion, and awfully condensed in gratuity; it may become different in the future, but our present judgment cannot form an adequateness of what it might then be, though we truly hope, that the manner of getting it, as well as the sum fixed, may be decently rearranged. For the present, we will entertain the opinion, that as the western priest has the brunt of the battles to confront, in the way of building up missions, he too, will be confronted, with the gravest of necessities, to command sufficient recompense for his services, that the hungry wolf may not tarry too long at his door.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUR NON-CATHOLIC FRIENDS.

Almost every day of our life, we have been more or less mingling with people, not of our religious belief, men and women too, of whom, we cherish the highest and warmest opinion, for, my religion does not demand, much less countenance an isolation from those, not of my creed, nor am I hampered or checked, in any manner, by the teachings of the Catholic church, from extending to them, the same welcomed greeting, that I would, to one of my own faith.

It is too bad, that so many persons, now-a-days, have formed such a deep-grounded prejudice against their fellow-man, as have some mis-guided and mis-informed people, respecting Catholics and the Catholic church; for, in our mind, to entertain a prejudice, steeped in the grossest bigotry, against any fellow-being, without first sifting and weighing well, the cause of such antipathy, comes within the province of acting with the insane, and, moreover, to oppose a thing, just for the sake of "opposing;" and again, to oppose a man, in business, in politics, or in any or all walks of life, because he is not of our religious persuasion, is a manner of acting, well in keeping with fools, whose better judgment has been extracted, that bigotry and unwarranted prejudice might remain.

As for ourself, in religion, we are Catholic; in politics, democratic; and as to any other matter, in our dealings with our fellow-man, we deem it our duty, to act, as our sober and conscientious scruples may dictate.

To say, that I, as a Catholic, cannot vote for any person but one of my religion, is but a spurt of ignorance, uttered by those whose minds are warped, as their ignorance is prnounced; to say, that as a democrat, I cannot vote for a good republican, or even one of any other political persuasion, is abridging a very natural right that belongs to every voter, of twenty one years and upwards, who is a citizen of these United States.

We have many warm and substantial non-Catholic friends, in the state of Kansas, friends too, for whom we entertain just as warm and as loyal a feeling of brotherly love and admiration, as we do for any Catholic; and it shall ever be our aim in life to hold a friend, who is near and dear, irrespective of politics or religion, for they should never be barriers to pure and true friendship.

To adduce an instance of the loyalty and friendly bearing of non-Catholics toward us, and wherein very many Catholics gave us the cold shoulder of almost total dereliction.

It was at the time, when, owing to a runaway accident, and we were deprived of the use of our limbs; so much indeed, that after fifteen months of painful suffering, our cause was almost hopeless, and so considered by a number of the medical fraternity, that we were induced to aspire for a county clerkship, in one of the most populous counties of the State.

Our nomination in said convention, was unanimous, some two non-Catholic candidates withdrawing in our

favor, on seeing the condition we were in. We could not make a campaign, as we were unable to walk, and if able to walk, we should never go so far in politics, as our position in life, was sufficient to gain us a livelihood, but we were deprived of that now, and our sense of relieving others foom the burden of supporting us, prompted us, though verv reluctantly, to aspire to position, for no other motive, than that of self-sustenance.

Many Catholics opposed us in this, our earnest endeavor, many of them, in ignorance of the accident that rendered us helpless, but many more, who knew of our condition, and even if they did not know, it would be in keeping with reason and justice, that they should first enquire the cause of this move of mine, rather than oppose me for lack of the knowledge that prompted me in that action. I was beaten, as the returns showed, but it was not through non-Catholic aid, but through the instrumantality of Catholics who voted against me.

Were the case reversed, and some of my Catholic objectors, put in my place, with two broken limbs, and the very poorest prospect of ever walking again, let no Catholic voter in that county, or in any other county, in the State, for that matter, say I would not "strip my coat," priest and all as I am, and not leave a stone unturned to further the chances of their election, not for religion's sake, but for dear, sweet suffering humanity's sake.

A person who will "draw the line," at religion, where it is a question of aiding a fellow-man, is too narrow-minded for me, and the man who will not

vote for a well-known, upright and honest friend who is a candidate for some office, though of different political faith than his own, is like the man, who would not rescue a drownding man, for fear that he may circumvent him in business.

For any American citizen to say he will not vote for a candidate, because he is a Catholic, a Presbyterian, a Baptist or a Methodist, is as much as to say, he must not assist, any one of the above, were he overtaken by any of the ills or ails entailed upon mankind.

Thank God, the intelligent non-Catholic class of these, our United States, understand well, that the Catholic church does not abridge any one's right to vote, at elections, for the candidate of their own choosing, always looking to his competency and honesty in the discharge of official duties.

We feel hurt, and, at times, provoked to hear the vaporings of bigotry and prejudice hurled at us, and the cause of our pain lies in this, that some good and generous non-Catholic friend may be led, to partially believe this rot and rant against us, as Catholics. 'Tis true, the truth will dawn on those false impressions, some day, and give the true color to inhuman, ignorant and egregious bigots, who serve to fan a flame of bigotry in our faces; persons who will not stop at any regard for truth, to caluminate us for supposed wrong-doings, generated in their deseasd brains, by bigoted and prejudiced forefathers.

Hypocrisy Exposed—An Individual Who no Longer Objects to the Game of Poker.—A well known oil man who had always been chided severely

by one of his friends, for his inclination to indulge in a quiet game of poker, once in a while, exposed the hypocrisy of the objector in an amusing way the other day. "No," reasoned his well-meaning friend, "you will never find me gambling. It's the same as robbing a man, and that's a thing I will not do." One night the oil man and some friends were stopping at a hotel in a small town where they found that the good man was also a guest. The crowd put up a joke on the fellow. The oil man had just received several thousand dollars in cash payment for some property he had sold. He took all this money and spread it over the top of the table in his room, placed a cover over it, and after secreting his friends in the closet he went to the door of the room of his moral friend. It was about midnight, and he gave several loud raps before he awakened the sleeper. Finally he came to the door and said sleepily: "What do you want, George? "Hush," said the oil man, "put on your clothes and come quietly to my room."

In a short time the oil man greeted his friend with a "hush," and then took him over to the table, from which he withdrew the cover, revealing the large pile of money. It looked as though one hundred thousand dollars were laid out. "Sh," said the oil man, "I'll tell you something in confidence. I broke into the bank down town, and this is what I found in the safe." The friend was somewhat taken aback at this, and eyed the money, then the speaker, but he was not allowed time to make comment, for the oil man went on: "Now we have a nice round sum here, and I want a partner. Are you in?" With this the moral man's expression changed, and he hesitated a while, looking at the pile of money. Then he stretched out his arms and, with a long yawn, said in the most complacent manner: Oh, well, I guess I might as well be, as the thing is done." A loud laugh and the sudden appearance of a number of his friends

brought him out of the visions of the luxeries which his newly gotten wealth would give him to the stern reality that he had been duped. The sight of cold cash had caused him to depart from his high moral standard, but he was never known to make any objection to poker playing from that time on.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

In Sunny Southern Kansas, we have met non-Catholic people in almost every walk of life, and many too, with whom we have been associated for years, only to love the more, and value their friendship, the longer and more we became acquainted with them.

Let no man tell me, that we "love our own and not the others," for the Catholic church itself would be a barrier to any such charity as this, for she admonishes Catholic charity, viz.: universal charity, fraternity and benevolence to all members of the human family, irrespective of religion, creed or color.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNCHRISTIAN FLINGS.

We are safe in saying, that there has not been a *single revival*, or which is worse, a *camp-meeting*, held in the State of Kansas for upwards of twenty-five years, in which the Catholics and Catholic church have not been arraigned for something or another, by those spouters, called preachers.

We know whereof we speak, for, we have "been there;" from idle curiosity first, and to hear the vaporings of some old grannies, who, had heard so and so, about the Catholics. As we have oft-times stated; we do not blame, but rather commiserate the majority of protestant people, who have heard this, that or the other of us, but who have never taken the pains to read and investigate, for themselves, what are the true teachings and doctrines of the Catholic Church.

Among the first charges against us, is: that we worship and adore the Virgin Mary. It is somewhat disgusting, to hear such a fling hurled at us, and by men too, who called themselves well posted, and who would have people believe that they are the intelligent dispensers of the Word of God.

Let us see: In the fourth chapter of St. Mathew, we read: "Begone Satan; for it is written, the Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve."

Here then, in the very language of God Himself, we are forbidden to pay any act of supreme homage, to any and all creatures, and there is no class of christians more precise, on this point, than the Catholics are; for, this injunction has been from the very days of Christ Himself, and the Catholic church being the sole preserver of the Scripture, and the word of God, for upwards of fifteen hundred years, preserving intact, from every contamination, the sacred deposit of faith, given to her by the Divine Law-giver Himself, could not, and has not deviated from the doctrine reposed within her keeping.

Again: The Council of Trent, many hundreds of years ago, has defined these words: "That if any one should so far forget himself, as to pay one simple act of worship or adoration to a single creature, he would be guilty of an act of Idolatry, 'for, one God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve.'"

Another fling: They say, we abstain from the use of flesh meat on Fridays, throughout the year, and they don't like this little bit of mortification or personal privation on the part of Catholics.

As Catholics, we do abstain from the use of flesh meat on Fridays, for no other reason than to commemorate the sad event of Christ's death on that day, and by subjecting ourselves to this little penance, thereby following out the injunction of Christ, that, unless ye do penance, you shall all perish.

But, in their shallow and groundless reasoning, they tell us; that what goes into the mouth, does not defile. To this, we answer; suppose a father or a mother would enjoin upon their child, not to eat of a

certain food placed away in the cupboard for future use, but the child growing hungry, eats the viand there placed, and thereby satisfies a craving appetite; now the child is satiated and its appetite is appeased, but the command of its parents, not to eat, has been broken, hence the wrong. It does not seem, that it would take a very smart preacher to see into the wrong-doing of said child, but there are hundreds of them, who, if they do not see into it, preach it, and promulgate it, as if they did understand it.

Still another fling: This cheap John variety of preachers, will tell us, as they have told in the past, that the Catholic convents, academies and nunneries, are places where crimes are nursed and fostered. Towards an innocent Sisterhood, towards a body of pure, self-sacrificing women, who have chosen a retired life, consecrated to the cause of succoring sick humanity in their hospitals, as well as instructing the ignorant in their convents, this unchristian, uncharitable and grossly lying fling, comes as poor grace from any intelligent mind, let alone, those of a preaching type of humanity.

May we ask, why it is, that the inmates of Catholic academies and convents throughout the land, are more than half non-Catholic? This being so, as any enquiring mind may determine upon a personal application to any convent in the land, how then, could said convents be the sinful places, that those mountebank preachers would have an innocent people believe, without it being made known at home or abroad by those non-Catholic inmates.

Rather than they, let the intelligent class of non-Catholic people of these United States, speak not in

words alone, but in acts, of the convents; persons, who have sent their daughters far away from their homes to be cloistered within convent walls, as you will have it, for no other reason, than that along with imparting to them a thorough secular knowledge, they also, may receive a good moral training.

Again, may we ask: If convents were such places of sin and corruption as those jack-leg preachers would have you believe, think you that those sisters would shut themselves within those four walls of their usually isolated buildings, instead of going out into the world, where vice and crime of every hue, runs rampant?

We are reminded of a little instance now, which transpired in a convent, not far from this, our present writing, and it will serve to show how poor innocent people are deluded into believing something which has been told to them by wolves in sheep's clothing, time without number, and which they hold as the truth.

It was where a mother, with her only daughter, a young lady sixteen years of age, visited a convent, in order to have the latter educated. The poor mother, and let me here state, for the purpose of being well understood, was not a Catholic, neither was her daughter, but being deprived, a short time previous to this visit, of a dear and devoted husband, who like herself had been wrapped up in their tender care for their only child, she resolved to place the young lady in some institution, more particularly, for the purpose of having a motherly influence thrown around the yet tender years of her only offspring, as she, the mother, would now be compelled to move out into the wide world to gain a livelihood for them both.

Upon their entering the convent, and after the mother had detailed the object of their visit, the Mother Superioress of said institution, asked if they would like to visit the various compartments of the convent; they acquiescing, said they would like very much to do so.

Being conducted by the Superioress, they first proceeded to the dormitory, where they reviewed with considerable and watchful anxiety, the fine spacious and airy bedrooms, the spotless linen, and the immaculate neatness of everything therein; they then descended to the class-rooms, there to find a repetition of the wholesome and hygenic influences that were found above, and coming still down to the refectory, they likewise reviewed it with apparent concern. After thus seeing the several phases, of an inner convent, the Mother Superioress informed both mother and daughter, that there was yet one other compartment, and a necessary one, too, of the institution, and the only one left, and to which she would introduce them, if they so desired. Thinking that they had not seen the *skeleton*, the mother and daughter said yes, we would like to see all, so that we may be able to dissipate our minds of many wrong impressions formed of the sisters and the convents. Well said the Mother Superioress, I want you to see all, so come this way, and the daughter grew more and more anxious; now before I open the door of this our very necessary room, said the Mother Superioress, I will inform you before hand, that, this is where we *hang them up;* the daughter became somewhat embarrassed, and said to her mother; let's not go in; but the Mother Superioress

informed them that no danger would befall either of them, and with that declaration upon her lips, opened the door of that room, only to find a neat and exquisitely arranged cloak room, with various and ingenious racks, appended on either side, that the scholars may have designated hooks for to hang their cloaks on.

The daughter of this good mother, spent four years in that convent, and after graduating with very flattering honors, for her talents were exceptional, she was, through the instrumentality of the good sisters, placed in a position of trust, with a wholesale firm in Chicago, were now, she can, in turn, reimburse and nurture the declining years of her tender and fond loving mother, from her handsome salary.

Still another unchristian fling: We hear it from every side, and even it is spouted by spouting preachers, from many pulpits, that Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible.

Why such nincompoopish ignoramuses should give utterance to so base an assertion, is beyond our conception, if it is not for the purpose of promulgating pure, unadulterated, mischievous, misleading and malicious falsehoods. It does seem strange, and no doubt ridiculously so, to even many intelligent non-Catholic minds, why it is, that those same asserters of so vile a piece of nonsense, do not give proofs and Catholic authorities for their misleading statements.

No, my friends, the Catholic church has never, nor will she ever, forbid her children to read the inspired word of God. The Catholic church took the pains to preserve the Bible intact, through many trying and

tempestuous periods, bringing it down with her, to the present time, in its entirety, and not the garbled fragments that other denominations have of it; why then should she forbid the perusal of a book, that she has guarded with so jealous a care, for lo! almost nineteen hundred years?

We are confident, and from force of personal contact, with many intelligent non-Catholics, can say, that at least this class of protestants never do take any stock in such unchristian flings at Catholics and the Catholic church, much less do they believe them. It is only in isolated communities, where these vile, untruthful and false insinuations, are, at all, credited, only to be dissipated, by the advent into their midst, not of Catholics, but of some sensible, thinking and intelligent protestants; persons, both men and women, who have learned better than to credit the vile vaporings of any preacher, who for want of material for an appropriate text, sails into the teachings, or rather, the supposed teachings of the Catholic church. A lawyer who takes a very poor case for a client is not supposed to have good solid sense to his argument before judge and jury, hence his inability to convince an intelligent community, of the innocence of his client; similar, it is with the majority of that class of preachers, who, seeing the shadow of a church they try to represent, appeal to their hearers to bring an indictment against that which is truth itself, viz.: the Catholic church, the guardian of the revealed word of God. But whipping around the stump, is the order of the day now, as it was with their prototype of Methodism, Rev. John Wesley. For instance, in the year 1729, Wesley was a modern

Church of England man, and, of course, his doctrine then was the prevailing doctrine of that church; this he preached in England, and carried with him to America, whither he sailed to convert the Indians. Returning, however, to England in 1738, he writes thus: "For many years I have been tossed about by various winds of doctrines." In order to get farther away from the revealed word of God, and the Catholic church, he joined the Moravian sect, and became a proselyte to their system, declaring that, "*hitherto he had been a Papist without knowing it.*

Nevertheless, though he had professed such deep obligations to the Moravians, he soon found out, and declared that theirs was not the right way to Heaven, and consequently left them, in the year 1740. He held to the tenet of instantaneous justification, or what is properly known now-a-days, as sanctification, or to become sanctified; and that too, without repentance, charity, or other good works, and the actual feeling and certainty of this, and of everlasting happiness, continued to be the essential and vital principals of Wesley's system, 'till having witnessed the horrible impieties and crimes to which it was conducted, he, at a conference of his preachers in 1744, declared that he, and they, had "leaned too much to Calvinism and Antinomianism. In answer to the question: what is Antinomianism?" Wesley in the same conference, answers: "The doctrine which makes void the law through faith." Its main pillars were, that Christ abolished the moral law; —that, therefore, Christians are not obliged to keep it; —that Christian liberty, is liberty from obeying the commands of God;—that it is bondage to do a thing

because it is commanded, or forbear it because it is forbidden;—that a believer, is not obliged to use the ordinances of God, or to do good works;—that a preacher ought not to exhort to good works, and etc."

You see the morality of religion which Wesley had hitherto followed and preached, as drawn by his own pen, and, which still continues to to be preached by the other sects of Methodists. Wesley purified his religious system, as he thought, from the defilement of Antinomianism, and, invented a two-fold mode of justification, one without repentance, the love of God, or other works; the other, in which these works are essential; the former is for those who die soon after their pretended experience of saving faith, the latter, for those who have time and opportuniy of performing them. Thus, to say no more of the system, a Nero or Giteau might according to its doctrine, have been established in the grace of God, and a right to the realms of infinite purity, without one act of sorrow for their enormities, or as much as an act of their belief in a God.

As Catholics then, what else can we expect, at this late date, from such a batch of inconsistant and incongruous promulgations, which, like the moon, change from time to time. They are much like that class of anti-Catholics of a very ancient period, who, filled with pride and their own self-importance, termed the true followers of Christ, a set of poor Publicans.

CHAPTER XIX.

THOSE A. P. A'S.

We are now going to diverge from the subject matter originally intended to fill out this little book, and will give to our readers a few short chapters, on the workings of as foul an orginization as it stands in man's power to organize; so foul, and so corrupt, that many of the poor dupes who first entered it, have discarded its hellish oath, and have once more appeared in the broad open sunlight of true American freedom and resumed their wonted brotherly feeling towards their fellow-man, which this new-fangled order thought to stifle.

In all our travels, North, East, South and West, in this our fair State of Kansas, we have never yet, met the like of a people who compose this organization, viz.: The Anti Papist Association; they would have the public generally, believe that the three *capitalized* letters of their craft, signify and mean, American Protective Association, whereas, their true aim, object, intent and purpose, is anti-Papist and anti-Catholic to their very hearts-core. It is but an off-shoot of, or rather a resurrection of the old Know-Nothing party, that was, in 1854 to 1859 so pregnant with disunion, disloyalty and disruption of all good laws to this Union of ours, and like it once was, so are they now, without the slightest scin-

tilla of loyalty to our great and good Constitution, much less posessing that frank and well-marked spirit of truthful manhood, which goes to make up the intrepid, the undaunted and the unflinching devotee of a government like ours, this glorious and unparalleled Union.

At the outset, we will give to our readers, the oath which every member of the A. P. A. order must take, an oath that no good, true and loyal citizen, either to his God, his conscience, his creed or his country, can take without a glaring violation of them all, and proving himself the secredly hidden enemy of his fellow-man; it is as follows:

"I do most solemnly promise and swear that I will not allow anyone a member of the Roman Catholic church, to become a member of this order, I knowing him to be such; that I will use my influence to promote the interests of all Protestants everywhere in the world; that I will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity, if I can procure the services of a Protestant; that I will not aid in building or in maintaining, by any resources, any Roman Catholic church or institution of their sect or creed whatever, but will do all in my power, to retard and break down the power of the Pope; that I will not enter into any controversy with a Roman Catholic upon the subject of this order, nor will I enter into any agreement with a Roman Catholic, to strike or create a disturbance, whereby the Roman Catholic employes may undermine and substitute the Protestants; that in all grievances I will seek only Protestants and counsel with them, to the exclusion of all Roman Catholics, and will not make known to them

anything of any nature, matured at such conference; that I will not countenance the nomination in any caucus or convention of a Roman Catholic for any office in the gift of the American people, and that I will not vote for, nor counsel others to vote for Roman Catholics; that I will endeavor at all times, to place the political positions of this government in the hands of Protestants. (Repeat.) To all of which I do most solemnly promise and swear. So help me God. Amen."

My fellow countrymen, my true, loyal and warm hearted non-Catholic friends, how can you swallow a pill of this magnitude and of so nauseating a nature? to proscribe your brother from your home and swear to not assist him in time of adversity and need; simple and child-like as it would seem on the outside, it is a seething monster of hate and conspiracy, to stifle the purest ambition of its fellow-being, and to crumble into the very dust, all anticipations of relief and succor that must be reciprocal between men. Is it not amazing, nay, stupendously wonderful, that whilst a few years only remain before the birth of a new century, and an era of prosperity and prowess is passing away, which has witnessed the grandest and most sublime evolution toward civil and religious freedom that the world, heretofore, ever knew, that such a maliciously, bigoted and intolerant faction should ever have taken root in this country of liberty and brotherly love, as the noxious, nay, obnoxious A. P. A. The late Denver trouble, which nearly resulted in a general slaughter, through the machinations and secret workings of this persecuting banditti, reveals the fact, how dangerous it is to force religion into politics. If the flames of

polemical hatred, and sectional strife, are once fairly kindled by such hateful methods, the latent spirit of American fairness will become at last aroused and the A. P. A. band of conspirators, and usurpers of every human tie, will be swept from the land with the fierceness and velocity of a raging prairie fire.

It is quite likely that the numbers and political power of the A. P. A. are greatly exaggerated, for cheap John shows and worthless goods, always are. At any rate, it is safe to conclude that the time is passed in this country, or, for that matter, in any other country, when serious danger is to be apprehended from the political meddling of any secret organization or religious sect.

When Know-Nothingism was at its height in the fifties, and when a great many who had no sympathy with the narrow and peevish prejudices of the Know-Nothings, still expected them to found one of the great parties of the country, the common sense of Horace Greely enabled him to measure them accurately. He spoke of them with great contempt. "They will not outlast the campaign" He said: "You might as well found a great national party to oppose the potato rot."

And in our present time, why do we not find this goody-good and presumed A. P. A. faction, endeavoring to legislate against the the Sisters of Charity, who care for the indiscriminate sick and dying in our hospitals, pest-houses and other loathsome places, why, I say, simply because the better element of our civilization, and the non-Catholic portion of it too, would rise in holy indignation and swipe those blat-

tant traitors from our land. Agents, as they are, of that hell-inspired society, the "Associations of Political Assassins," who ride rampant through the land, leaving their slimy stench behind them, like the foulest of reptiles, in every city and town, drying up the fountains of liberty, poisoning the lucid streams of equality and fraternity, and blightening the fields of concord and peace that should ever be let grow in our beloved country.

Mr. Greely's predictions were verified. The Know-Nothing movement was a "craze," such as had created the "Anti-Masonic party," not long before. For several years prior to the campaign of 1856, oath-bound lodges had been organized, the members of which had been sworn not to reveal the existence of the lodges, the purpose of which was to exclude the foreigner and the Roman Catholics, whether native or foreign-born, from office.

In 1856, the old Whig party being a wreck, the "National Council" of the "Order of United Americans" determined to take its place, if possible, and with that end in view, adopted and published a "National platform" declaring its objects. Before that time, it had been obligatory on members of the order to answer, "I know nothing of it," when questioned about it, and from the oft-repeated formula, they acquired their name of "Know-Nothings."

After the "National Council" had promulgated the platform, an open National Council was held, with twenty-seven states represented. At the very start it was involved in angry confusion, and the "National American party," split at once. One faction nomi-

nated John C. Freemont, of California, for President, and William F. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, for Vice President. This faction was composed chiefly of Northern "Free Soilers" and Abolitionists, and the Republican Party was thus formed. The other faction nominated Willard Fillmore and Andrew F. Donelson for President and Vice President, respectively. Maryland was the only state in the Union which gave its vote to the Know-Nothing ticket. The Whigs had held their last convention and had indorsed Fillmore, but it did not help either them or the ticket. The bolting Know-Nothings presented their ticket to an irregular mass-meeting of Abolitionists, which was called a "Republican convention." Freemont was indorsed by this convention, which, however, nominated William M. Dayton, of New Jersey, for Vice President, instead of Johnson.

Thus perished the "American" or Nnow-Knothing party, and arose the Republican party. The anti-slavery agitation had grown so strong in the North-east that it over-shadowed the anti-Catholic and anti-foreign issue represented by Freemont. The time had come when all the vituperation on both sides was about to end in blood, and the issue against foreigners and Catholics had to be postponed. In the campaign of 1856, and in state campaigns prior thereto, Know-Knothing lodges showed such bitterness and violence as to give currency to such phrases as "blood tubs," describing them. Riots were frequent and the lives of foreigners and Catholics were often in danger.

That such scenes can ever be re-enacted in this

country, no one who has any faith in the intelligence of the great body of Americans, will believe. No political organization founded upon sectarian prejudice and hate, can long survive here. The love of fair play, devotion to the principle of religious liberty and eqal rights for all, are ingrained in the American people and they will not let an occasion pass, without holding in supreme contempt, the utter fallacy of a nasty swarm of uneducated bigots, and relegate them to the festering ground of political as well as religious ostracism.

It is somewhat sickening to see this class of bigots, goaded on in their un-American and unchristian methods, by their arch-president, W. J. H. Traynor, who is not a native born American, but a sympathizer with an alien country, where he was born, viz.: Canada. He says: "the aims and methods of the A. P. A. are to protect our institutions." It is indeed interesting, as coming from the president of that infamous organization; and it is saddening to, as revealing new and unimagined depths of bigotry, sicklied over by a pale cast of education. To be absolutely fair, we must credit Mr. Traynor, with remarkable ingenuity in the distortion of quotations from Catholic sources, and like the gush that comes from their several "loyal" papers, would lead one to believe that they are striking illustrations of mental chaos. The most disheartening aspect of the case, however, is the reflection that Mr. Traynor professes to speak in behalf of two million of minds as dark or as diseased as his own, when his pent up spleen slobbers against the Catholics and the Catholic church.

Upon reading some of the malicious, misleading and lying literature printed in an A. P. A. organ, listen to what a recent convert to the Catholic church says: "I would like your opinion, or rather advice, as to the course a christian ought to pursue when blasphemous literature is regularly sent to him from the publishers, evidently having been subscribed for, by some well meaning, but ignorant Protestant friend. This has been our experience for the year now drawing to a close. A magazine under the direction of an ex-priest has come to my sister and me every month, beginning with January last. We are converts to the most holy faith, having left the New Church, (Swedenborgian,) two years ago last June. Even were it possible to shake our faith, which God forbid, that style of literature would be particularly obnoxious to us. As it is, the mere sight of it is distressing. Now I will tell you what we did, and will you tell us what to do in the future, should the persecution continue? When the first number came, we read it with such feelings of indignation, as sent us promptly to our knees, to beg the grace of contrition that we might seek divine forgiveness. The next month, we decided, after consultation, to take it from the office, for it might do harm, falling into the hands of some who might be influenced, and we did not write telling them to stop for the same reason. This copy would be sent somewhere, and if it came here it should do no harm. My sister glanced through one or two more numbers, and, finding the same fanatical and malevolent spirit running through all, followed my example and ceased to look at them at all. But every

number since, we have torn into strips and burned, the moment it came into the house. I wrote to the editor; I wrote a most earnest appeal and told him frankly what I should do with the magazine if it continued to come. How desperate Satan is working! He seems to feel his time is short when the whole world prays, 'Thy Kingdom come.' But he makes the most of the traditional prejudice born of the hate which burned in Luther's breast against our Holy Mother Church. How incomprehensible, that one bad man should have such power as his, to which is due the vast number of sects existing to day, under the name of Protestant. And such a good people, too, as many of them are, full of love for God and man. I have known many instances where they live in the Divine presence. But these do not fight the Holy Church. They believe in a universal church, invisible and spiritual, and they love all, of whatever name."

Like those two faithful people, many Catholics, throughout the world, have to put up with such annoyances, and bigoted hatred of them, by so poisonious and vicious a literature. The people who get out this low, malicious and lying literature, are inspired by the devil and by greed. There are a few poor, unfortunate, renegade, fallen priests tramping about the country, who have been disciplined for their bad lives, and who, wanting the grace of repentance, think they can take revenge on the church by permitting themselves to be used by the A. P. A., and other similar conspirators against good order, peace and christian charity, as the showman uses a nondescript thing, called a "what-is-it" to attract attention. These un-

fortunates are in bad faith. Their records will not bear investigation, and most of them when they feel that their course of iniquity is run and the cold hand of death is upon them will cry out for a priest in their dying moments. All this, the more intelligent and better class of Protestants understand, and therefore take no stock in these ecclesiastical wrecks. But there is another class, made up of the ignorant, the immoral and the malicious, who are always ready to exploit a "converted priest" or an "escaped nun."

Inspired by hungry libidinosity, men and women will go to hear the salacious screeds of these wretches when they would not listen to the Sermon on the Mount. The shame that makes them read immoral books by stealth and in secret, does not prevent them listening to the renegades drawing filthy pictures from their own corrupt immagination. Under the cloak of religion, these Holy Willies encourage those who pander to their tastes and hypnotize the shreds of conscience they may have left by trying to make themselves believe they are thus opposing the "errors of Rome." O! ye hyprocrites, ye painted sepulchers.

The "converted priest" and the "escaped nun" game is, however, being played out. Even the "what-is-it" lost in time its power of attraction, and was relegated to the rubbish heap of discarded curiosities.

That person spoke the truth, when he said: "there are good people among the Protestants—people who are full of the love of God and man, people who live in the Divine presence." But as he says: "these people do not fight Holy Church."

No intelligent non-Catholic mind will countenance the existence of a secret and mischievous order, whose by-word and watch-word is, to turn down every known member of the Catholic Faith.

CHAPTER XX.

THOSE A. P. A'S.—CONTINUED.

The "American Protectlve Association," is the meaning and significance. the members of said secret combine, would have the public believe was the import and object of their organization; whereas, the real and truthful meaning of these abreviated words, viz.: A. P. A. is nothing more or nothing less than this: Anti-Papist Association.

Let me not be hasty in condemning, but I assure the reader, that from personal observations, and the saymgs of these secret assassins, and the contact with a certain number of them during the past few years, warrants me, in terming them anything else, but Protectors of dear and good old America.

From the Rookery Building in Chicago, (a very appropiate name to say the least,) emanates one of the foulest and most scurrilous sheets, printed under and by the auspices of that order, that pen could picture or paint, and one that is stuffed with the most dastardly lies, imputations and criminations of untruthful origin, save in the bastard brain of an irresponsible, irredeemable and irreconcilable demom. The fodder it disseminates to the members of that mafia gang, is, in the eyes of any intelligent person, the paving of a clear road to anarchy, socialism and communism.

I am sorrv to have to say it, and sorrier still to write it, that many of our once happy communities, in the State of Kansas even. are afflicted and sorely so, by lodges and combinations of that underground and pestiferously scabby barnacle, which is not only anti-Catholic, but equally, anti-human, anti-American and anti-christian.

We have met some of these seemingly wiley members, in fact, have had a more or less acquaintance with many of them, while many of them, would dodge around the corner at the possibility of meeting with us, as if we were girted with number 44. Catholic cartridges and a muzzle loader in each limb of our breeches.

I say to them, you are anti-Catholic but why, pray? Now, if any of your number will answer that question satisfactorily before three disinterested non-Catholic judges, you arguing for the objects of your association, in being anti-Catholic, and I rebutting and explaining your false and prejucdiced notions of us, I personally, will make your lodge here, a present of $50.00. Up to date, I have found no takers to this proposition, and I have no hesitancy or fear in saying, that I never will meet one, who will confess judgment of his error, for their secret locks them up in solitude, to plot and clique against us, simply because we are Catholics.

The word Catholic, and I being one, ought to give me the privilege of knowing something of that term, but I will waive all right to giving it any other meaning save that which our dictionary, Webster, gives it: the word Catholic, he affirms, smply means general or uuiversal, and these two words are synonyms with the word Catholic, hence, Catholic liberty, Catholic equal-

ity, Catholic fraternity and Catholic liberality to all mankind.

I ask you, is your measly, and circumscribing lodge as general and as Catholic as that? Are your notorious by-laws and corrupt constitution as Catholic as we are? But why are you anti-Catholic? The answer comes back, we don't know, but then we are anti-Catholic anyhow. A fine rich argument, you know, but then maybe, the calf is blind and must bellow anyway.

Shame on you boys, why go around the streets with drooping heads and lowering lips, who like the foolish man, mutters foul imprecations upon the moon, because she aint full the whole month round, or like the smart puppy, which licked its mother, cowering under the oath-bound secret, practiced in your lodge-room, of being anyway anti-Catholic, in your dealings with persons of that belief.

American born as I am, I would be a traitor to my country, if I did not love her laws, her constitution and her institutions; I do love them, and with a deep-seated reverence for everything that is american.

I flaunt that cherished constitution in the eys of any such oath-bound societies, and stamp their membership with a violation of it. Listen to what General U. S. Grant has said respecting secret political organizations: "All secret, oath-bound politicfil parties are dangerous to any nation, no matter how pure or how patriotic the motives and principles which first bring them together. No political party can or ought to exist when one of its corner stones is opposition to freedom of thought and to the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, or according to

the creed of any religious denomination whatever."

Again, do we find an equal antipathy towards such organizations, in the emphatic and well meant language of the great William H. Steward. His words are these: "Secret societies, sir—Before I would place my hands between the hands of other men in a secret lodge, order, class or council, and bending my knee before them, enter into combination with them for any object, personal or political, good or bad, I would pray to God, that that hand and that knee might be paralyzed, and that I might become an object of pity, and even of the mockery of my fellow men. Swear, sir—I, a man, an American citizen, swear to submit myself to the guidance and direction of other men, surrendering my own judgment to their judgment, and my own conscience to their keeping? No sir, No! Proscribe a man because he was not born in the same town or country in which I was born. No! Mr. President, you know now the length and breadth of my connection with the new and mysterious order of patriots, the Know-Nothings."

Nothing that is violent is durable, and the A. P. A., like the Know-Nothing party. which bore such intense hatred towards the Catholics, that they sacked churches and convents, under the guise of politics. So too with the A. P. A., they will not be durable in the light that they are on the wrong ground-work, a hostility to their fellow-man.

In the first place, they cannot, from the obligations of their oath, be loyal citizens, neither can they be true and sincere christians, for, they are oath-bound violators of the constitution which guarantees to each and

every one of its subjects, the full and free exercise of his or her religious creed or belief. Banded together thusly, and secretly planning and conniving against us, they become impugners, violators and unscrupulous purloiners of what that constitution grants and gives us, viz.: Catholicity and fairness before all men. Yes, the untrammeled, and God-given right, live and to begrudge no one of our fellow-beings, the right to think and act towards one another as each and every one of us should wish to be done by.

Not many months ago, and in one of our prosperous little towns, in Western Kansas, a certain citizen pointed out to us, one of these wiley fellows, saying: "There goes a bitter enemy of yours;" in answer I said: I do not know of having an enemy in the place, and if there should be one, I surely, am unconcious of ever giving such an one, the slightest cause. "Well," he said: "he is an A. P. A., and of couse, your enemy." In answer we told him, that, we had many, very many bitter enemies in h——l, and up to date, they keep the secret of their being anti-Catholic, very much to themselves.

This good citizen further said: "That fellow is bitterly opposed to you Catholics, but I know him to be not only, anti-Catholic. but he is anti-rent paying, anti-grocery-bill paying, and anti-wife loyal, that I know of, in fact. that same individual, is too much of an anti man for me.

Another instance of their beggarly bigotry, and wanton dereliction of all due lines of courtesy and gentlemanly bearing. A certain master(?) mechanic, in the employ of a rail-road company at that same town,

said of me in the presence of the landlady of a hotel there, one day shortly after dinner: "d——n him, I can hardly sit at the table with him, without insulting him." This same ignorant, Orange coward, well knew, that he could not make use of such language to my face, without repairs as to the consequences, and repairs too, that would call on his master(?) mechanical hand to adjust. I challenged that same imp to cite me one single instance, where or when I ever gave him the slightest cause, to vent so foul an aspersion at me, either on the street, in public, or anywhere else, and he never dared to recount an instance. Why not be men, not mice, or, what is even worse than monkeys, cowardly treacherous knaves, and come out like men ought to, in the broad open light of liberty and justice, that is guaranteed to every American citizen to adjust a wrong or right a grievance, instead of creeping behind a toadstool for protection, and then like the street gamin, who, on reaching the paternal roof, calls his sterner playmates a mouthful of names.

But why do we find this swelled head of bombastic proclivities, along with many others, in the employ of rail roads, anti-Catholic, answer me? When we see two-thirds of the rail roads in the United States were built by Catholic hands and Catholic muscle; and according to recent and reliable statistics, more than one half of the rail road employes to-day, are Catholic in their belief; and you don't number them in your membership, why? Simply because the laws of country and conscience, say nothing about religion, forbid such an ungodly and unholy alliance with the imps of darkness and deceit.

What would you think of me, a Catholic priest, were I to organize an oath-bound and secret organization, which would have for its object, this leading feature, viz : anti-Presbyterian, or anti-Baptist, or anti-Methodist? I would then have reason to believe that you would pounce on me, quicker than scat! But I could not organize such a society, nor could the Catholic church organize such a society, for it would disrupt and put to naught, the sacred intention of our grand Constitution, and moreover, it would give no meaning to the word Catholic.

Yes, mind you, an "Anti-Papist Association;" you can be anything else, is their motto, but you "*must be*," anti-Papist. They are not even generous enough to read the recent letter of Pope Leo XIII, in reference to labor and laboring classes, wherein is depicted, in true, and sensible and charitable colors, every right the laborer has with his employer, as well inherently, as acquired by industrious effort; this, I say, they would not read, without it first passed through their press threshing machine in the Rookery building, Chicago, only to come out, as the most misinterpolated and forged piece of garbled nonsense, with not a sentence of the original, and filled from first to last, with the diseased frenzies of a depraved and lying brain.

The non-Catholic press, the world over, has given that brief of Pope Leo XIII on labor, most praiseworthy notices, and the *North American Review*, noticed it very favorably and prominently in its columns, so much so indeed, that those of fair, unprejudiced and wholesome minds, who run in the grove of justice, may read.

I have before me, a supplement to Loyal(?) American, (an A. P. A sheet,) of October 22, 1890, headed: "Platform of the Papal Party," which is given here, in its entirety, as it came from one of their disguising, disfiguring and discoloring printing plants, and we ask the fair-minded American Reader, to first read Pope Leo's letter and then, this garbled piece of foul literature, thrown on an innocent public, and purporting to be Leo's original letter, and then draw your own conclusion as to which is the true one.

I feel somewhat loth, to give it space here, but it will show the true inwardness of a secret clique or combine, such as the A. P. A's. are, and who do not scruple to first lie in an argument, and then lie out of it, with equal grace. It is as follows:

Supplement to

Loyal American.

"PRO PATRIA."

Vol. 1, No. 27. CHICAGO, OCT. 22, 1890. {1.50 per year. {5 cts. single copy

PLATFORM OF THE PAPAL PARTY.

News for American Voters.

We take pleasure in presenting to the readers of the Loyal American a declaration of principles that will furnish food for reflection. How we secured this document for publication need not be told here: Suffice

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to say, it fully exposes the plot on foot to destroy civil and religious liberty in the United States.

To Our Beloved Children in the faith:

In view of the pressing necessity for active, earnest effort on the part of all Catholics to save our Holy Roman Church from destruction: to preserve the income and privileges which we of the Hierarchy have enjoyed for a thousand years; to maintain the absolute supremacy which is ours by divine right; the pleasure of shriving the masses who have toiled and economized, that we might fare sumptuously and wear fine linen; to continue to build fine churches and Cathedrals as mural monuments to perpetuate our own memories; to preserve ignorance in the masses; to insure devotion; to enable us to keep our vows of celibacy, with the aid of the confessional; to prevent the loss of prestage and political power; it becomes necessary for the Hierarchy of the Holy Church in these infidel parts, called the United States, that we may carry out the orders contained in an encyclical letter from Pope Leo XIII, of blessed memory, that we organize a political party to be known as the Papal Party, and that the faithful may not be ignorant of their duties, as voters under this heretical government, we here announce and publish the following

PLATFORM OF PRINCIPLES,

or, more properly,

ORDERS FROM THE HOLY SEE.

Whereas many Catholics in the United States have become careless in the discharge of their religious duties, more especially in elections, it becomes our duty to call your attention to the order of the Holy Father,

as expressed by Pius IX, of holy memory, in a letter dated Dec., 1764, also to another letter dated January, 1890, by Leo XIII, of *pious* memory.

In these two encyclical letters you have the voice of God speaking to you, and with pain and sorrow we are by duty to God and our Holy Father, constrained to remind you of your duty to your faith when you vote as a citizen of this heretical nation.

We also call your attention to the words of your bishops from time to time, the Holy Fathers to whom you must look for direction in all the affairs of your lives. What they direct you to do, you must do, if you hope for that salvation which our holy church alone can give. These holy men have frequently counseled you and commanded you to do many thing which you have not done, hence we issue this manifesto to instruct you as to your duty to your religion when you go to vote.

It is our desire that in the future, you cease to act as Democrats or Republicans, only so far as is necessary to secure the election to an office, or to aid in the election to one, who when elected will serve ouly our holy church. You must never forget that you are Catholics, that your first and constant allegiance is to our Holy Father in Rome, and that this allegiance takes precedence over all others, and necessitates that all your acts, political or otherwise, must be conducted solely with reference to the supremacy of our Holy Father as the supreme spiritual and temporal ruler of the world. Let your votes be cast as a loyal son of Holy Chuch, and not as loyal to this heretical usurpation which has merited and received the major

excomunication of our former Holy Father Pius IX, of *pious* memory. We enjoin all pastors throughout that part of the Western Hemisphere called the United States, and mentioned by the Holy College as *Partibus infidelium* (infidel parts,) that they read these instructions to their congregations for four successive Sundays at high mass, and enforce them upon the attention and the understanding of the faithful, and above all, to see that the line of duty deemed necessary by the Holy Father be strictly enforced, or that the disobedient be denied the sacraments of our Holy Church, failing that, they will be subjected to the "Major Excommunication."

We view with alarm the rapid spread of educated intelligence, knowing full well, that wherever the people are intelligent, the priest and prince cannot hope to live on the labor of the masses whose brains have been fertilized with our holy catechism. That in order to restore the order of things that made the reign of Gregory VII, of holy memory, so glorious, the people must not think that this is a privelge that belongs only to the priests and princes, who by Divine right, are the only perons designed by God, to do the political and religious thinking of this world.

We view with alarm the rapid diffusion of the English language. It stands before the world as the tongue which has for 300 years ever been opposed to and foremost, in assailing the Holy See. It is the tongue in which heresy delights to annoy and confute our theologians, in which the modern damnable heresies of popular rule, government of the the people, equal rights, personal liberty, free thought, free press, free religion, our Holy Church, and those who speak it, have been

and free schools, find expression, and endanger the rights of the hierarchy, also that of the princes, born to rule.

We view with alarm and horror the indifference exhibited by the states of the civilized world when they behold the sacrilege and impiety of the Italians, in taking by force from the Holy Father his temporal possessions, thus depriving him of the ability to levy taxes from the people of the papal states, also robbing him of the pomp and parade which were proper and necessary for the ruler over 3,000,000 subjects. We must all pledge ourselves to never rest until the Holy Father is restored to his temporal throne, and those who have perpetrated this robbery have been adequately punished.

We view with alarm and apprehension the rapid growth of numerous American orders or societies in this land. It is to us, evidence that our measures for quieting and deceiving the American people were insufficient, that we have been too bold, did not exercise that wisdom that many centuries of deception should have given us. We learn that these societies will not vote for candidates of our faith, or even those that are friendly to us, hence it becomes our duty to take measures to thwart this uprising, which may result in our discomfiture. We therefore condemn, in strong terms, this aggregation of heretics in secret societies, and call out our faithful brothers of the Society of Jesus to send members of that Holy Brotherhood into those societies to get their rituals and other secrets, that we may print them in the daily papers, that do our bidding, and thus expose them, that they may be boycotted by the faith-

ful, and injured in their business, reputations or families. We also call on the clergy every where, to organize the laity, male and female, old and young, into secret societies and sodalites, and that the men and boys may have competent instructors to give them military training, that they may prepared to aid and sustain our faith in an emergency.

That the faithful may fully understand their duty when they act in accordance with this platform; we here announce the laws, which every lay member of our holy communion is bound to obey, or be deprived of the holy sacraments of our faith:

1. The Holy Father (pope,) is the Supreme Ruler of the world, more especially in temporal matters, where we have the votes of power.

2. It is the duty of all Catholics to plot and labor for the absolute supremacy of the occupant of the chair of St. Peter.

3. It is the duty of all Catholics "*to take part in elections*," to know that "*politics are a part of morals. Politics are morals on the widest scale.*" They must also give; "*Perfect submission and obedience of will to the church* (corporation) *and the Sovereign Pontiff, as to God himself*"; they must remember that they are to "*acknowledge no civil superior* before the Holy Father; that in their political work, "*they must always and in the first place, serve, as far as possible, the interests of Catholicism.*"

4. We are opposed to any system of schools that teaches the youth more than the Roman Catechism, which they must be taught to repeat as a parot is taught, or that teaches the young to think—it is unnecessary, a waste of time and money, when the Holy

Father has been deputed to do the thinking for this world. Therefore we call upon our subjects to do all possible to break down and destroy the free public schools of this heretical nation, which have compelled us to set up and maintain at great expense parochial schools to defend our faith, thus greatly lessening the incomes of the clergy.

5. We are in favor of filling all offices with men selected by the bishop of the diocese, upon whose political judgment all Catholics must rely, for the bishop "*must be obeyed whether right or wrong*" (as Monsignor Preston testified under oath,) and this is the law. The faithful confide in the bishop, though he may in one county or city compel you to support the candidates of one party, and in the next county or city support those of the other party, but you must not hesitate, "he knows what he is doing," for in either case, we get our price for your vote, and the holy church is the winner.

6 In order to find employment for the many thousands of the faithful, who are coming daily to swell the ranks of our Catholic (Roman) Army, which will in time possess this land, we must secure control of all the cities, railways, manufactories, mines, steam and sailing vessels, in fact every enterprise requiring labor, in order to furnish our new-comers employment; this will render it necessary to remove or crowd out the American heretics who are now employed. You must not stop at anything to accomplish this end. There are many ways to do this, but if you cannot devise a way, consult your Father Confessor, but, "be careful to do nothing that will create scandal."

7. We call upon all lay Catholics having the means, education and acquaintances, to become candidates for legislative offices, to sit in City Councils or Boards of Aldermen, in State Legislatures, Congress or the Senate. It is in these places that you do the most good for our holy cause, to reclaim this continent, which was discovered by a Catholic for the true church. In these places you can do good work by securing offices for our faithful subjects, which is especially grateful to us, their salarises being fixed and known to us we know just how much money to demand of them for getting them the places and caring for their souls. In addition to this valuable aid, as members of law-making bodies, they can do great good by impeding or frustrating such legislation not approved by the Holy Church, and in securing the larger appropriations for schools under the supervision of our worthy brothers and sisters, also by having young priests appointed as chaplains in the army and navy. The opportunities for serving our holy church in legislative bodies are numerous. hence this is urged upon you as worthy of serious consideration.

8. We have learned with regret or sorrow that there are some Catholics who are possessed with the insane idea that their children can get a better education in the Godless public schools than in the church schools. These insane apostates must be taught by their confessors that they cannot disobey the Holy Church with impunity. It is such Catholics who fancy they must join one of the dominant political parties, and vote with them, thus disobeying the bishop, who may have made arrangements for his vote to be cast for

some friend of our church. In all such cases the confessor of such Catholics must deny to them the sacraments, and decree a severe penance, with a liberal alms for the poor, which must be given to the confessor to be distributed as he may deem best.

With these general instructions, we give to our dear children of the United States this Platform, in the hope that it may, in the words of the very Reverend Archbishop Ireland, at Baltimore, when he made his final appeal to that body of devoted subjects of our Holy Father, gathered from all parts of this nation, arouse you to united and persistent action. He said:

"Go to your homes with the enthusiasm that you have shown here; spread it in every State in the Union, and say there is a new departure among Catholics in the United States. Tell them there is a new mission open for laymen. The long expected day has come when Catholic bishops, priests and laymen rise up and say, *Henceforth we will act as one man,* in accordance with our religion."

Animated by such sentiments, implicitly obeying the orders of your bishops, considering only in your political action the interests of our holy church, with undivided allegiance to the Holy Father, a determination to die, if neccessary, for our holy church and its supremacy; you can claim to be a true Catholic, worthy of a place in Heaven, when you die, with the vast hosts of saints and martyrs who have gone before.

If we are successful in this movement, you will be numbered among them who aided in tearing this grand nation from the heretical government that had usurped it, and returning it again to to the Holy Father, who

will leave Rome and take his residence here, in a land which God designed before the birth of mankind especially for the final home of our Holy Church, and to be ruled by him who fills the chair of St. Peter.

Decreed and ordered by the Provincial Council at their session August 5, 1890.

Placet †JOHN,
†MICHAEL,
†PATRICK,
†JEROME,
†ALOYSIUS,
†DENNIS,
†WILLIAM,
†BERNARD.

Approved and confirmed, ††JAMES.

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I brand the foregoing *supplement* and every enunciation therein set forth, as a garbled, malicious, unscrupulous piece of forgery, and a misleading tissue of the most misleading lies. Now, Mr. McComber if you have any existence in the flesh, a thing I very

much doubt, you have the privilege of coming back at me, for which kind condescension on your part, we will mail you a copy of this little volume, free gratis. It looks very much to a man up a tree, in fact to any one who may be treed, that you are *in it*, for "revenue only," and a very handsome *take-off* coming to yourself from such vile effusions, of course.

The very idea of a Pope, or a bishop either, controlling my vote in American politics, is something so preposterously stupid that it would almost make Baalam's nag neigh, to be pounded on the ribs with such rot.

Like a sly coon, or a crouching cur and a most unscrupulous purloiner of the truth, you fail to give the surnames of the gentlemen with *crosses* prefixed before their christian names, in that wonderful *supplement* to "Loyal American" of yours, for, if you did, you were well aware, that there would be room for legal action against your Rookery file, and what is more, against your own personal profile.

You intend then, to keep Catholics down, do you? Let us see: we are fifteen millions strong *only*, in these United States, and two hundred and seventy millions in the known world, and Mac., we're growing right along at a wonderful rate, and the tail to our kite of religious liberty and Catholic charity to all mankind, is almost nineteen centuries in length or point of duration, and Mac., we have never yet allowed it to trail in the dust. Why try and snap it off now, Mac., when greater than you and your inveigling clique, have times, without number, given up the job in disgust, after viewing but a part of our strength.

Go ring up yonr brother emisaries too, Mac., who are confined in the burning pool and smothering flames of an eternal sheol, and muster them out with the handful of dupes you have here, and after you have them placed in rows of two, four and six deep, and before giving them the watch-word to charge! on us, fill their weak-kneed and brainless anatomy with viler stuff than you have heretofore, then let them charge, butt-end-to, if they will, and it will surprise you, the space they will cover—backwards and downwards.

You are anti-Catholic, hence a stifler of merit; for, do you not remember the saying of noble George Washington, the father of our beloved country, who said: that, "merit, wherever found, should be rewarded," whether in the person of the black or the white. in the ignorant, as well as in the wise. true merit should be recognized.

Your intention is to keep Catholics down and out of any place of trust or lucrative position in railroad circles, so spoke one of their satellites, some months since, and, not far from our hearing, upon one of the streets of our city, giving as a reason, that if a Catholic enjoyed such a position, *he* would not get work, and his family (bless the hearers,) would have to starve.

Let us reason together for a short while: suppose I owned and controlled an extensive machine shop, and had several thousand men in my employ, to operate that huge concern, among whom were Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, yes, and a few Catholics, and after years of toil and a faithful performance of their

labor, along with a strict and scrupulous attention to duty, I find many of my Catholic workmen worthy and meritorous of promotion; I have already promoted some of the others, and I now see, that merit must also be rewarded in the latter class too, so I promote them to positions, worthy of their metal and fill their places with new and less competent hands.

This manner of acting, is in keeping with the success of any business, I care not what it is, irrespective of the religious belief of the help employed, and no one, save a bigot, will stoop so low, as to make a point of difference in religion, when it is a point of giving employment to any class of people demanding labor.

But the scabby, scurvy A. P. A. order, steps in and presumes to stop this human and rightful manner of acting, by saying, no, you cannot promote that Catholic, for, once in position, he would have none but Catholics to work for him, and my wife and children would suffer thereby. To such an hellish assumption as this, no sound sensible American citizen will give credence, or place the least degree of credibility in it, for such a mode of acting would be inimical and subversive of all good order in any society. But there are cranks outside of the peanut-roaster, and they will turn and squirm backward and again forward, to give plausible excuse for working the microscopic particle of gray matter, that is somewhere between their occiput and the infinitismal small brain, called cerebellum.

A man in business, a road-master or a foreman over a few or many men, and holding a position of trust, must be desirous of furthering the interest of their

employers, by employing such help, as is needed, irrespective of the question of religion; for, acting other than this, wherein a question of religion would be raised, respecting the help employed, would be un-American, un-christian, un-Catholic, along with being the darkest and direst inhumanity to man. No man should be an enemy of another, without a proveking cause, but an A. P. A. who takes a solemn oath to ostracize me in every manner possible, while he lurks in the dark, ashamed to come out in the daylight of man, and give just cause for his under-ground proceedings, is sure an enemy of mine.

This country is the greatest and grandest on the face of the earth. Its constitution is a glorious one, and will be defended, at all times, by every true American; this is true even if we have to shed our last drop of blood for it. Under it, all citizens are equal, no matter what their social standing may be; it gives the right to every citizen to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, it guarantees eqal rights to all, for there is no tyrant to govern us, and it gives us a government by the people, for the people and of the people.

All it demands of those who seek a home and a refuge in this country is, that they obey the laws of the land.

We are simply asked to love the constitution and to obey its requirements. This rule refers to all alike, and no matter how humble a citizen may be, he is entitled to the same protection as the richest man in the country, under the glorious stars and stripes. The government requires no stipulated form of religion.

This is a matter of life-long thanksgiving, as that fact makes the United States the most glorious country on God's green earth to-day.

Our forefathers in their wisdom, established the rule in vogue, and we would be traitors to swerve from so holy a legacy. It is the duty of every American citizen, to know, appreciate and study the constitution and to be ready, at all times, to defend it.

Americans should not only admire their country on account of its natural beauty, wealth and progress, but on account of its constitution, under which all men are equal, no matter what faith they may profess, as long as they are true and law-abiding citizens. We live under a flag, a thousand times thank God for it, which protects our rights.

The Catholic Church has never sought to make capital out of men who sought political offices. The members of that church are not dictated to, as to whom they should vote for. Born in this country, and a voter for almost twenty years, I have never yet questioned the religion of any candidate whom I have selected to cast my vote for, at the polls. It is immaterial to me, as well as to any Catholic voter, what a candidate's religion is, so long as he is a fit man for the place he aspires to. This rule is one that should be followed by every good citizen, for religion and politics should never be mixed. It is the inherent right of every citizen to vote as he pleases, and all attempts to force religion into politics should be repelled, and my good Protestant friends will bear me out in this statement. But the issue of the A. P. A.'s has been forced upon us, that is; to proscribe all

Catholics at the polls, and hence I say openly, emphatically and publicly, and I care not who reads it or hears it, that we should vote for men who are not bound by secret organizations or endorsed by them, no matter whether the organizations are known as the Patriotic Sons of America, the A. P. A's., or the Young Mens' Mechanic Union, or anything else.

We should oppose these organizations, even if it should take our life's blood, for these secret societies are enemies to the true citizens of this country. They attempt to prescribe, that Catholics cannot hold office, no matter how good citizens they may be, and in every other way, oppose Catholics and Catholic measures. They stab the members of the Catholic faith in the dark, and their organizations are there carried on with malice and bitterness toward us.

As Catholics, we want no special privilege under the constitution, nor do we seek class legislation from any of the dominant parties, which ever may be in power; for, all we do ask, is honor bright honesty, and a faithful compliance with the Constitution, under which we live. The A. P. A. order, however, seems to be moored on the shallow shores of bigotry and hypocracy, prejudice and ingratitude toward us, that the better sense and judgment, of their numbers, which undoubtedly some of them ought to possess, is warped by ignorance and fanaticism, which blind their minds against us, for no other reason whatever, than that they heard a *tale of woe* from some one, against us.

Think of the following piece of narrow-mindedness, my liberal-minded non-Catholic American citizens,

which was repeated almost in our presence, a short time since, and just previous to a city election in one of our Kansas towns. A member of the A. P. A. order being requested to vote for a certain candidate, who was unfortunate enough to have an Irish name, though not a Catholic, very gruffly answered: "No sir." "Do you suppose I would vote for a Catholic?" "No indeed, nor will he get a single vote from our lodge."

Poor ignorant dunce, due no doubt, to his being brought up, far away from healthful civilization, and who could well be compared to the tall, slender and ungainly sand-crane, which immagines itself very sleek and handsome, when alone, but when decent, healthful and domestic winged fouls appear, he betakes himself *way down the creek.*

What a pretty, what a handsome array of men you you would make to defend America's honor at emergency's call! would you not rather seek your dives and under-ground vaults, instead of meeting in open plain, a foe to our land, our laws and our homes.

Show me. if you will, one patriotic sentiment implied or expressed in your ovarian sheet, the "American," (Good bless the hearers again,) of Omaha, and edited by Thompson & Kelly, the latter not knowing how to spell his own name, if history counts for anything. These two, like the manager of the Rookery file, are "in it," for lucre, and think, they can afford to call names for the money there is in it, so where's the difference, and "let'er go Gallagher, since Smith is dead."

There are birds, vile nasty birds, that subsist solely on carion and the vilest and most loathsome rotteness, and it seems to be their nature to gather such diet and

they retain it too; just so with some of the low-bred specimens of humanity, they gather all the bad that floats over a community, but unlike the birds, they spew it forth, covering the innocent as well as others, with their nauseating vomit.

If America owes any special privileges or any particular allegiance or protection to any relegious body, it certainly, would and ought to be to the Catholic, for, her discoverer, Christopher Columbus, was a very devout Catholic, so was Americus Vespucii, along with Sebastian Cabot; and thus too, with all the known countries throughout the world, their very first discoverers and christianizers were Catholics.

In all our experience, of travel and duty, especially in this our adopted State of Kansas, and during a residence therein, of almost 40 years, I cannot recall one single instance, wherein a Catholic voter of 21 years and over, has ever questioned the religious creed or belief of any county, state or national candidate to whatever office said candidate may have aspired to. This same spirit of Catholics, in voting for persons, irrespective of their religion, is, I am sorry to say, in very many instances, not animated by the members of other church organizations, who sometimes carry their religious preferences into politics; the same spirit too, that prompts them to insist on the reading of a spurious version of the Bible, known as the King James' version, in the public schools.

I stand ready, at any time, to give $50.00 to any person or persons, who will point out the Catholic to me, who has questioned the religious belief of any candidate to any office in the land; and I will again, donate $50.00

more to any person who will give me the instance or the name of any Catholic teacher, male or female, who has ever ventured to read or teach the *true* version of the Bible, viz., the Douay Bible, in any public school in the land.

Ah! my pharisaical friends, when it comes to politics, and the voting for, and the election of good men into office in this United Realm, I am, Catholic and all, as free to vote for whom I please, as the bird is free to soar aloft or wherever it may; for, my right to vote, is not in the least curtailed or influenced by either Pope or bishop, and I go to the polls and drop into the slot, that every American citizen, making use of his elective franchise, drops into, viz.: to vote as my judgment dictates, without fear, favor or hindrance, my honest and conscientious ballot. This, then, is a pretty Catholic and liberal-minded way of doing things, aint it? and this is just the way we Catholics intend to preserve, and will, at all hazzards, conserve our individual right of franchise. I challenge you, the members of the A. P. A. organization, or for that matter, any other other set of men, banded together, by an oath-bound secret, to point out one important epoch in the annals of past history, where anything grand or munificient to a nation's progress, has been accomplished through or by means of a secret, when said secret connivance is organically and diametrically opposed to the majority of a liberty-loving people.

I cannot but laud the benevolency, fraternity, aid and assistance to members, accruing from many secret organizations, and for their philanthropy in this direction, they are worthy the esteem of all classes of people, but

the measly workings of the A. P. A. order, has alone, for its supreme motto and pent-up narrow-minded, and bigoted object, anti-Catholicism.

In an article, signed XX., in a copy of "Loyal American," of October 21st, '92, I read the following piece of scurrility: "That Catholicism is a menace to liberty, one only need look at the priests, the nunneries and the church teaching. Can any liberty-loving soul be born and educated in a Catholic school? Certainly not, it is inconsistant and unreasonable to harbor that idea. Every well posted person knows that the Catholics teach a system of license. Any churchman may commit any sin in the decalogue, even to murdering a heretic, and yet be forgiven by making a monthly payment to the priest, be prayed out of purgatory into Heaven, and at last, sit beside the Pope."

For downright lying, linked with wanton cussednes, and a total disregard for the truth, this squib *takes the cake.* Let me ask this wolverine bigot who wrote the above, why is it, that the attendance of young ladies, throughout the United States, at Catholic Convents, is two-thirds non-Catholic? One need but go into any community in the land, to find one or more noble non-Catholic women, who, at one time in their life, were being educated at a Catholic convent. Why were they sent there? I will tell you the reason, my dear XX. lying little bigoted bugaboo; it was, that along with gaining a thorough knowledge in all secular branches, they could also adorn themselves with the beautiful garland of unmistakable morality, the purest and brightest gem of true womanhood. If those convents are places of crime, as you so foully allege, why do non-Catholic

parents insist upon sending their daughters there! Poor poobah! this ought to be sufficient to thwart your would-be-deceiving and misleading ineundoes against a sisterhood, whose untiring and undying devotion to the soldiers of the North as well as to those of the South, during our recent misunderstanding, to elevate their fair name and fame far beyond the reach of lying lecherous puppets. who would endeavor to besmirch their innocent garb, with the torn fragments of foulness, that hangs around this XX. liar and his votaries. Another of your lies; you say, "a person may be forgiven his sins by making a monthly payment to the priest. This is a whopper, indeed, one of the overgrown lies, you seem so much inclined to utter, one made out of whole cloth, and, several yards in width. Now, I want you. Messrs Thompson & Kelly, editors of the great(?) "American," Omaha, Nebraska, to come down to business, and quit flying off on a tangent on the old chestnut, of "hearsay," or we "heard so." I stand ready to give you $100.00, to be drawn on sight, if you can cite a priest, who *has ever*, taken a single cent in the confessional, from any Catholic confessing his or her sins there. Just one instance is all I want, and your money will be forthcoming; and if you do not cite it, I will hurl back that falsest of insinuations, that darkest and most villanious assertion, that blackest of calumnies, right square into your teeth, the resentment of which can be duly met with on sight, if you so choose. If you knew what you were talking about, or would take a little pains to find out the facts in the case, you would go to any priest in the land, and ask the loan of a Moral Theology, and read for yourself, though it may be difficult

for you, for it is written in latin, these words: it is, *ipso facto*, suspension for any priest to receive money in the confessional, for any purpose whatever; now this is the law, laid down by our moral code, notwithstanding your lie to the contrary. You also state; that "Catholics must vote as Rome dictates;" another lie.

Now let us reason together for a moment, as becomes reasonable and sensible beings. The chairman of the Republican National Committee, is a good and sincere Catholic, though thoroughly Republican in his political faith, otherwise, he surely would not be deemed a fit person to hold that position; on the other side of the house, it is the reverse, for we find the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, though likewise a Catholic, a strong believer in that good old Democracy that coursed through the veins of a Jefferson. Now then, here we have two very prominent factors in American politics, and though they are both Catholics, their political beliefs are almost as wide apart as the two poles are asunder. How, I ask then, can the Pope, or the Catholic Church, for that matter, control them both or make them vote under dictation? Answer me this, in no uncertain, equivocal or unmeaning manner, and as you cannot, please remove yonr cap of bigotry, under which is closeted something of a head, I presume, along with an exceedingly little pent-up soul, make your nice little bow to a generous public, who are always ready and willing to forgive and forget, and say to them, that you *simply* lied, when you affirmed that the Pope dictated our politics. I simply believe in fighting old Nick, with a pair of his own tongs, so that any person or

party who would espouse or champion the cause of the A. P. A. order, filling their sheets with pages of the veriest rot and carion of some foul-mouthed and mischievously lying popicock, I propose to resent such foul misrepresentations, and make their tribe of illegitimate scabs return to suckle and nestle with the polecats, until they are besmeared with a foulness and unmentionable stench, that the nostrils of common decency won't recognize them either here or hereafter.

I care not who the person may be, if he is an A. P. A., or a sympathizer of that motly gang, he shall never command a dollar of mine, and any Catholic who would patronize such an one, in any line of business, would be but buying the razor or loading the gun that will take his own life. For the person who will take my money, and then go behind my back to plot, lie and connive against me, is on an equal footing with the arch-traitor of Sheol, and deserves to be dubbed with him, a villainous cur, in the disguise of a demon.

CHAPTER XXI.

THOSE A. P. A'S.—CONTINUED.

The oath taken by the members of the above vile organization, to proscribe the Catholic Church generally, requires but half-way serious consideration from any semi-sane person, who is not otherwise unequally bigoted or unbalanced, to ascribe their vaporings of foulness, to utter intellectual imbecility.

As for the make-up of this craft or under-ground body of hoodlums go, we have not, thus far, met one of their ilk, who is up to the average of intelligent, sensible and common-sensed human beings.

We here adduce testimony, condemnatory, of this secret assinine order; coming, as it does, from the pen of an Episcopalian minister, and consequently, an outside authority from ours. it declares too the vileness and despicable nastiness of the A. P. A. order. We will let the reader judge as to the merit, if any there be, in said order, commendable to any fair minded and well thinking people.

THE PLAGUE OF BIGOTRY.

A MANFUL DENUNCIATION OF A. P. A.ISM BY THE REV. MR. E. L. STODDARD OF NEW JERSEY.—"THE MOST VICIOUS AND DANGEROUS INSTITUTION IN THIS COUNTRY."—"WE SPEAK OF THE SACRIFICES OF THE SALVATION ARMY, BUT FORGET THAT THE PRIESTS OF ROME HAVE DONE THAT SORT OF WORK FOR 1,500 YEARS OR MORE.

The Rev. E. L. Stoddard, Rector of St. John's Free Episcopal Church in Summit avenue, Jersey City, has made a most vigorous protest against the A. P. A. He says:

"I have heard from several quarters that there is about to be started in Jersey City, a branch of the A. P. A. If this is true, I desire to raise a protest against this new calamity about to fall upon us. Having got rid of horse racing and gambling and green goods men, is it possible that we are to be afflicted with this new plague? The A. P. A. claims to be a secret society, whose members, under oath, are bound to active opposition toward Roman Catholics. They are to vote against them, work against them, refuse to trade with them: in short, to boycott socially and ruin them politically. Let it be understood that the A. P. A. order does this, not because Roman Catholics are bad people, but simply because they are Catholics. The best man nominated for a place may be a Catholic, but he is, nevertheless, to be voted down. His religion condemns him.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL, UNDEMOCRATIC AND UNTRUE.

"It would seem almost impossible that in this latter part of the nineteenth century, an organization like

the A. P. A. could dare to claim the support of just and intelligent men. But since it does claim such support, and even under the aegis of religion is asking our young men to unite with it, let me in a few words beg those who are invited into its secret and fanatical parlor, to take counsel with their better selves before they follow down its winding stair. We believe the A. P. A. to be the most vicious and dangerous institution organized in this country during the present century. We believe it to be unconstitutional, undemocratic, unprotestant, untrue.

THE A. P. A. SPIRIT IS THE OLD PURITAN SPIRIT REVIVED.

"It is our glory that we have a free church in a free State; that there shall be among us no discrimination against any man on account of his religious opinions; that any body of men shall be free to found a church and worship without molestation as their consciences shall dictate. To form a secret organization for the purpose of persecuting any such body, making it impossible, or even unpleasant, for the members to continue in the exercise of their religion, is opposed to the spirit of the Constitution, and exhibits a bigotry and fanaticism over which even Russia ought to blush and Turkey shed tears.

"The Puritans, indeed, though they came here to worship God in freedom, had for half a century a little A. P. A. society organized, not against Catholics, but against Quakers and Baptists, and they persecuted after the pleasant ancient fashion. But the country soon rose out of this spirit of intolerance. The Puritan methods were condemned. Baptists, Quakers, Presbyterians and numberless other sects were permitted to

dwell here and thrive in peace. For 200 years a democratic land has meant a land where, if a man otherwise behave himself, he may worship Buddha or Jove with no loss of political rights, and without it being thought necessary to slit his tongue or bore his ears. The A. P. A. spirit is the old Puritan spirit revived in the worst form and 200 years behind the time.

THE A. P. A. IS UNPROTESTANT.

"Protestantism stands for the right of private judgment, right of private interpretation of Scripture, the right of a man to believe as he likes. There are in respect to this question of judgment only two grounds on which a man can stand to-day. One is that there is an authority outside of man which shall direct him in matters of faith and religion. The other ground is that the only authority, or at least the final authority, in such matters is within man, the authority of his own conscience, illuminated by the holy spirit of God. If a man stands on the first ground he is logically bound to become a Roman Catholic and accept the decree of the Church of Rome. If he stands on the second ground he is a Protestant, and must be a logical one. He himself is authority for what he believes and does. He acknowledges the Bible as the word of God, but it is his own conscience enlightened by the spirit of God which in the last resort must decide what for him Scripture shall mean. This is the spirit of Protestantism, and it makes a society like the A. P. A. as ridiculous as it is vicious. If I, as a Protestant, claim the right of private judgment, I must let my brother follow it, whether it leads him to kick off all ecclesiastical harness or to submit to the authority of Rome. The

Catholic can logically claim authority over men. The Protestant can't. He is committed to freedom. The A. P. A. is unprotestant.

A. P. A. TALES OF CONSPIRACY PROVEN FALSEHOODS.

"It is untrue, based, that is, upon untruth, and existing only to fight an enemy which exists only in its distempered brain. The A. P. A. claims that the Catholics are a set of designing schemers, plotting to undermine the free institutions of our country, and ready to sacrifice it to the interests of the Church. Does anyone really believe this? If there are 11,000,000 Catholics in this country, controlling 2,000,000 votes, there are 55,000,000 who are not Catholics, and who control 11,000,000 votes. If any issne were raised, and the 2,000,000 Catnolic voters, which is very doubtful, acted in concert, would not 11,000,000 Protestant votes everwhelm them with a margin to spare? But the tales of conspiracy on the part of Catholics, with which the A. P. A. seeks to influence its victims, have been proved false again and again. There are bad Roman Catholics, as there are bad Episcopalians, but to charge plots and treason upon our 10,000,000 Catholic brethren, to accuse them of undermining our institutions and seeking to bring us under the dominion of a foreign pontiff, would, if it were so grossly malicious, be food for derisive laughter among the Olympian gods. I am not writing in defense of Roman Catholics—they are able to defend themselves—but I write in defense of American principles, the principles of freedom, toleration, and large-minded faith in man, and I write against a narrow fanaticism which would rise against the Catholics to-day just

that sort of persecution which, it is claimed, the Roman Church exercised against Protestants three centuries ago. I write against any attempt to raise among us a war of sects, religious intolerance and strife and hatred among different followers of Jesus Christ.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH A POWER FOR GOOD.

"I denounce the tales by which it is sought to excite this strife as untrue. I go further and say that if the A. P. A. could succeed in driving Catholicism out of one of our great cities, the spiritual life of that city would be largely paralyzed. It is said that we have 60,000 Catholics in Jersey City. Suppose there are but 40,000, and that this modern bigotry could close every Roman Catholic church, every parochial school, and drive out every priest and every Sister of Charity, what should we Protestants do with these 40,000 men, women and children? Blinder than moles must we be if we fail to see that over them their religion exerts a most wholesome restraint. What have we to offer them should their Church be taken away? Have we room for half of them in our churches? Would we, luxuriant Protestant parsons, let them in, even if they wanted to come? I trow not. Could we expect them, accustomed to the warm, emotional, perhaps we would say too human religious pomp and worship of Rome, to sit down on our Protestant benches and gaze at our blank walls and listen to one of our doctrinal sermons? Why it takes the labor of Hercules to get our Protestant poor people to come to church without drums, Sunday concerts, mission prayer bands. I doubt if the A. P. A. leaders have

any idea of the work done by the priests of the Roman Church to instruct, restrain, and lift up their people. We speak of the sacrifices of the Salvation Army, but forget that the priests of Rome have done that sort of work for 1,500 years or more. We speak of the devotion of Army lassies in going after the fallen, and let us give them all due praise; but do not let us forget the tens of thousands of Catholic Sisters of Charity who have done the same work for centuries. If the A. P. A. wishes to know what the Roman Church is to its people, let them stand at the corner of Bramhall and Ocean avenues and see the people go to church. Do they think it wise to attempt to destroy a religion which brings out such devotion, or that they could do it if they tried.

"The danger to this country, is not to come from Roman Catholicism, but from infidelity, from a luxurious, materialistic and selfish spirit which whorships nothing but itself, from a divided and quarreling Christianity, which has given us more sects than there were gods in pagan times. The danger will be found in confounding zeal for God and love for Christ with the narrow partisanship of a society like the A. P. A., which we again declare to be unconstitutional, unprotestant, undemocratic and untrue.

"If I were worth it, which probably I am not, this letter and the writer would form material for another sensational arrow in the quiver of the precious society. It would come out with such declaration, as 'A Jesuit in disguise,' 'An Episcopal rector the emissary of the Pope,' 'Startling disclosures concerning the machinations of Rome!' It would probably hint that Father

Hennessey was in the habit of sending me each Monday morning a brace of redhead ducks, and that Mgr. Satolli never passed through Jersey City without leaving a box of Huyler's candy for my wife. This would be on a par with the traps which the A. P. A. sets to catch the unwary enthusiast. Bnt I shall probably be worth no such trouble, for I am but a plain Episcopalian clergyman, who loves truth and hates buncombe, who believes in his country because, as yet, it has been impossible for cranks to destroy it, and who thinks the world too old for a new and useless baptism of bigotry."

CHAPTER XXII.

THOSE A. P. A'S.—CONCLUDED.

With this chapter, we close our comments on this organization, which so richly and deservedly merits the earnest condemnation of all true American citizens; possibly, it would be better to extend to them the mantle of charity, with the words of the Saviour, "forgive them for they know not what they do," and we will do so to those who have been blindly led by false and unscrupulous leaders, while for these latter, we cherish an indignation, the same as we would for the poisonous reptiles of our prairies.

Should any of their ilk come across these pages, we beg to refer them to others than ourself, who though not Catholic in their creed, have not hesitated to give due credit for their loyalty, fraternity aud brotherly feeling to those not of their faith.

Read the magic words of Sir Theobold Tone, a Protestant in belief, and one of the original founders of the Society of United Irishmen, which was founded in Belfast in the year 1791. In the early days of its infancy, this society was simply a sort of reform association, a legal and constitutional body, having for its chief object, the removal of the frightful oppression by which the Catholic people of Ireland were tortured and disgraced, but in the troubled and pretentious

condition of home and foreign politics, the society could not long retain this character. The futility of seeking a redress of the national grievances by parliamentry means was becoming apparent to every understanding. The system of outrage and injustice toward the Catholics, unabating in its severity, continued to exasperate the actual sufferers and to offend all men of humane feeling and enlightened principles; as, at the same time, the electric iufluence of the American War for Independence.

His words are these: "I have labored to create a people in Ireland by raising three millions of my countrymen to the rank of citizens. I have labored to abolish the infernal spirit of religious persecution, by uniting the Catholics and Dissenters. To the former I owe more than ever can be repaid. The services I was so fortunate as to render them, they rewarded me munificently; but they did more: when the public cry was raised against me and when the friends of my youth swarmed off and left me alone—the Catholics did not desert me; they had the virtue even to sacrifice their own interests to a rigid principle of honor; they refused, though strongly urged to disgrace a man, who, whatever his conduct towards the government might have been, had faithfully and conscientiously discharged his duty towards them; and in so doing, though it was in my own case, I will say they showed an instance of public virtue of which I know not whether there exists another example."

Think you, kind reader, if you have the least smattering of poor old Ireland's history left in the casket of your memory, that Sir Theobald Tone, (protestant

as he was) could stand in the midst of Ulster to say, and give similar laudation to the Ulster Brigade? a motly nest of Orange bigots, whose antipathy toward, the Catholic, is as hellish today as it was in the days of Sir Theobald, who strove so manfully, to put down this bigotry of Orange cowards and assassins of anything tinged with Catholicity.

Recently, there was held a Parlimentary by-election, in the district of Fresham, England, and one of the features of the fight, we were told, was the presence and peculiar operations of a band of persons known as the "Ulster Brigade." These are Orange Tories, male and female, from Belfast, whose mission it was, to tell the Fresham people what horrors Home Rule would inflict upon the Protestant residents of Ireland.

The methods of those missionaries of slander and vilification, vituperation and wanton dereliction of the truth upon the country they call their own, were ingenious and puerile for man, and none the less characteristic, for our distant long-haired rostrum spouters, the female contingency. They did not utter on public platforms their lies about the Irish Catholic people, as the A. P. A's. are wont to do here, be-times, for, there they could be met and exposed; but they sneak around among the electors of the district and talk to them at their homes, or in private circles, or at their business places, and pour into their ears villianous falsehoods about Catholicity in general and Irish Catholicity in particular.

This it seems has ever been the usual mode of procedure of the Orange electioneering agents who are sent from Belfast to work against Liberal—that is,

Home Rule—candidates in Great Britain, as we learn from Mr. William Abraham, one of the Protestant members of the Irish Nationalist Palamentary party. Like the Sir Theobald Tone of a century ago, Mr. Abraham is an earnest, energetic and an effective helper of Home Rule, or self-government for the people of Ireland, at all British contests, where he always gives his services in speaking for his country and his country's cause.

Refering to the doings of the Ulster Brigade at a a contest held some time since, in Brigg, (England,) Mr. Abraham tells us: "The Ulstermen who took part in the Brigg contest would not, and did not, make on public platforms, the odious, offensive and false statements respecting the Catholics of Ireland to which I referred, but had adopted the insidious and underhand method of going from house to house calumniating and traducing the majority of their fellow-coutrymen.

Such is the way and so are the methods used, by which the "Protestant cause" is defended and Home Rule assailed at election contests in England—by lies about Irish Catholics, which the liars dare not utter in public or put in print, *a-la* our A. P. A. bretheren on this side of the big pond. They know that if they did make statements in public to the effect that Protestants are, or ever have been persecuted by Catholics in Ireland, they would be challenged to the proof, and proof, they well know, they could not furnish. They are quite aware that persecution and bigotry in Ireland is, and always has been, against Catholics, and never from them, against any creed, color or cast. The bigots and persecutors in Ireland have always been Protest-

ants, never Catholics. By this, of course, we do not mean, that all Protestants in Ireland are or have been so. Far from it. There have always been patriot Protestants in Ireland, like John Mitchell, Robert Emmet, Theobald Tone, Mr. Abraham; and, not the least of all these, our dear and "grand old man," the hoary aged peer, Mr. Gladstone. Pity the number has not been greater!

Meanwhile, one cannot help feeling surprise at the hardihood of the "Ulstermen," a close contingent of our A. P. A. folk, in raising the point of "persecution," while they are well aware, that so much damning evidence on that score could be presented against themselves. All the world knows of, and about the bigotry of that town, where the majority is Protestant. It is well known too, that Catholics are rigorously boycotted by every board or council or public body in Ireland which has a Protestant majority. Here is a sample illustration from a speech recently made in Sligo, a county in Ireland, by Mr. McHugh, the mayor of that town: "The population of the County of Sligo is 98,-015, of which 89,013 are Catholics. We know that the payments made to the Grand Jury are almost in the same proportion from Catholics and non-Catholics. But we find that Catholics have no more to say in the allocation of this money than the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands. Everyone knows that no Catholic or Nationalist need apply for any position of honor or emolument in the gift of the Tory Grand Jurors of Sligo County or the Tory Ex-Officio Poor Law Guardians of Sligo Union. There is not one single position of honor or emolument in the gift of the Grand Jury

from the first to the last that is not held by a Tory and a Protestant. The Clerk of the Peace is a Tory and a Protestant. Mr. Fenton, the Crown Solicitor is a Tory and a Protestant; the Secretary to the Grand Jury, Mr. Vernon, is a Tory and a Protestant; the Solicitor to the Grand Jury, is a Tory and a Protestant; the County Surveyor, is a Tory and a Protestant; and County Surveyor's deputies are Tories and Protestants. Let us now proceed to the list of Barony Constables, and there we find that every one of them, Creery, Morrin, Baker, Blakeny, Jackson, Robinson, Gilmor, are all Tories and Protestants."

That's what the Tories and Protestants do in Ireland whenever they are in the majority. They are not in a majority in Sligo County or Sligo town, but they have a majority on the public bodies above mentioned because the bodies are constituted, not on popular franchise, but according to an appointive system which cannot be changed until the law is changed.

Home Rule would change the law, and this is one of the reasons why the Ulster Brigade gentry are against Home Rule for Ireland. They do not, however, mention such reason on their lying anti-Irish mission in England.

Similar, nay identical to the bigoted "Ulster Brigade," is the A. P. A. brigade, here at home; a spew or a spawn, or an off-shoot, or outer growth from ancient Orange bigotry, nursed from the same mistress of religious hate and fanaticism, waxing in her identical methods of ostracism towards Catholics, and quenching the enlightening flame of fraternal charity to their fellow man.

To adduce an instance; a press dispatch, not long since, from Butte, Mont., states, that a committee of twelve from local lodges of the A. P. A. went to Helena for the purpose of protesting against the election of the Republican National Committe chairman, Thomas F. Carter, as United States Senator. The gentleman in question had been nominated by the caucus of his party, which had a majority in the Legislature, and therefore, in the regular order of political courtesies, he should be elected Senator.

There was no question as to the personal fitness of Mr. Carter for said senatorial honors, for his nomination from a caucus body of his own party, were assured of his qualifications. As chairman of the National Committee of the Republican party, he gained a national reputation for the ability he displayed in the conduct of the campaign of 1892. A candidate of such glowing achievements and reputable antecedents, if nominated by a caucus, would not be opposed in the Legislature except by members of the party, to which he did not belong. Neither would Mr. Carter be confronted with any opposition if he were a Methodist, a Baptist, an Episcopalian, or, for that matter, if he were an infidel. But he is a Catholic. And because he is a Catholic, the un-American bigots who have labeled themselves the A. P. A., have undertaken to bulldoze the Montana Legislature into defeating the candidate of the caucus of the party in the majority in the legislature.

An associated press dispatch informs us that the State President of the A. P. A. "had issued an address to the members of the Legislature, and, that a printed

copy of the address would be laid on the desk of every legislators and read by the Clerk of the House. Carter is a Catholic, and the address contained a violent denunciation of alleged Papal interference in the civil and public affairs of this country, and warned the legislators, in the name of the A. P. A., not to elect a Romanist to the Senate on the penalty of political death. Two hundred A. P. A. left on a special train for Helena."

Here, at home, and in flagrant violation of the banner of our political as well as religious liberty, viz., the grandest constitution of any government on the face of the earth, we have an example of the practical workings of the fine thing which is known as Apaism.

To gratify its insensate prejudices, it stands ready to trample upon American tradition aud American practices. The National and State constitutions have expressly provided against Apaism in forbidding a religious test as a qualification for holding office. Away with your constitutional limitations, cries the A. P. A., we will have none of them when it is a question of gratifying our religious prejudices. Away with your law and your liberty, for there is a class of people here, against whom we are sworn, that none of them shall enjoy a position of honor, trust or emolument, though there be but one objection to them, their religious creed.

Political organizations will be well rid of these creatures. There is no political party that can, with any regard for its future growth or prestige, permit itself to be dictated to, in the way the A. P. A. of Montana, are trying to dictate to the majority in the legislature in that state. Mr. Carter's election would be a fitting answer to the threats of those fellows who recognize

allegiance neither to party nor to political principles when they see a chance of gratifiyng prejudices which excite only disgust in every true American citizen.

Such a foul thing will be gotten rid of in time, if not prematurely so, by the stench from its own nastiness. Like the incurable cancer, it will gnaw away at its own vitals, spreading foulness and contageous germs of disease and rotteness, until its whole body, environed with ulcerous exudations, will wink out its little and short-lived wretchedness.

In the vote for United States Senator, in both houses of the legislature Mr. Carter, out of a possible vote of 262, received 261 votes. Thus forever, setting at naught, the whimsical, as well as nonsensical prejudice against him, by that measly contingent of bladder-skites, known as the A. P. A. clique.

CHAPTER XXIII.

KANSAS, A LITTLE CRANKY.

As a rule, Kansans are liberal minded and broad guaged, but, we have a few cranky mush-heads amongst us, whose skulls are so lined with bigotry, that they see no other way of doing things save by the measurement of their own stick.

We hope for the day, when Kansas will rise up, and forever put a stop to the importation of long-haired male cranks, and short-haired would-be female stump-orators, within her borders. If there is anything so despicably mean and nauseating, it is to see one of those ranting, notoriety female hoodoo's, come among us, striving to give vent to her idea of reform. St. Paul, bless his dear soul, gave a cautious warning to those female protruders, or intruders rather, and it would be well for them to heed so saintly an advice. No sooner is the pet hobby of "prohibition," attacked, than a swarm of those female soothsayers are on the ground, their feathers fluttering and their arms a-kimbo, in holy horror, at the man, (horrid thing,) that would dare tread on the least of her hobbies.

Let a sane man speak a word against female suffrage, and you will see their heads bob up from all quarters, in holy horror again, at the presumption of that awful fellow, man, to vote as his conscience would dictate, in asservating the laws and institutions of this land.

We could name them by the score, yes, and dozens more, but we forbear, less we bring in disrepute, that which we hold as dear as life, the fit and proper place for the woman, a home.

I am willing to stake the net proceeds of this little volume, that prohibition, as we have it in Kansas, and though a law on our statute books, will never work as long as there is a bill on a crow. And why? Because, it is an abridgement upon the individual rights of mankind, and interferes with his moral right, that of taking what he needs or letting it alone. Under this law, and with its many provisions, let no person, male or female, crank or uncranked, tell me, that there is less liquor drank to-day, than before its enactment as a law.

The Catholic idea of temperance is this: that there is no virtue in it, unless man has power enough to ward off the temptation of drink, by seeing its evil effects, and the degredation its abuse leads to. You would not call a man who has been confined in jail for upwards of fifty years, a temperate man, for he has had no opportunity to practice the virtue of temperance, he is temperate because he could not help being so, and it was not the result of his own free action, having been deprived of his liberty. The same as to innocence and virtue; the young person who has never been exposed to the danger of sin, may be innocent, but not virtuous, for this latter virtue, comes from being exposed to the danger, with sufficient will and grace to overcome the temptation.

The Catholic church is, and has ever been, the counselor, of moderation in all things; with temperance to

those who will not abuse their privilege of drinking with moderation their glass of beer or wine, and total abstinence to those who cannot resist the temptation of abusing that right, and going to excesss.

There is one thing about those supposed gospelers and spouters of prohibition, that we never could understand, viz., they will preach prohibition from rostrum and pulpit, from the schoolhouse and on the square, denouncing, with emphatic language, the violators of same, and they, themselves, will not harken to the other nine-tenths of the commandments, if I may place their hobby, prohibition, as one of them.

According to their besotted idea, if you are a prohibitionist you are sanctified; whereas our idea, and we could illustrate it, of a prohibitionist is, that he is anything else but sanctified.

If we were the adjudicator of persons who drink and debauch to excess, we would invite a cooperation of good, sound and liberal minded class of citizens, and advocate a measure for legislating for imbeciles. Do we not do that anyway, for the insane, the blind and the vicious, why then would it not be as reasonable to do it for the poor unfortunate, who has lost his self-respect, his honor and his will-power through the habit of strong drink.

We would have a seperate institution built for such, where, when cured of the habit, they could be set to work, for instance, on a large agricultural plantation, with renumerative wages according to the work done; and when a cure is effected, and their better moral nature approached, by moral suasion perforce of their confirmement there, for they would be compelled to

listen to a chastening influence, by sensible instructors, then send them abroad into the world, where, in nine cases out of ten, they would make amends for their former debasing citizenship. Impose a fine on a man or a woman either, who the first time becomes boisterously intoxicated, and for the second offense, impose a doubly severe fine, and if the offense be repeated for the third time, send them to the institution for incurables, until they have shown by worth and example, that they have been cured. Let them work there, in their several capacities, on this immense farm, until they are again fit to be restored to good and respectable society. But, above all things, in this wide world, deal gently with such unfortunates, for God knows, and He alone, how the awful curse of drink may have been brought upon so many of those poor creatures. It may be through a temporal loss of goods; it may be through the loss of a wife or a fond mother; it may be, and great God! I almost hate to write it, hereditary in the poor unfortunates, and then, is it altogether chargeable to them?

The doctor, who knows the disease of his patient, skillfully prescribes for his relief, that he may the sooner recover; but in our treatment of the drunkard, the cure is one and the same, for all. Prohibition is not effective in his case, nor is the Keely treatment sufficient, consequently, we must turn to a better than the former, and a milder tonic than the latter, if we would reclaim many poor unfortunates woefully addicted to the habit of intoxicating liquors.

Again, we have the female suffrage movement, a movement, in our humble judgment, that ought to be

moved clear off of the face of the earth. We remember now, very distinctly, at one city election some years ago in one of our frontier towns, where the female portion of that community "rose to a woman," and voted. It was worse than "fun on the Bristol," it was fun, in that town. From early morn of that day, the buggies and carriages were out, and well "manned" by some enthusiastic female sympathizer of one or the other candidates.

One may talk of hair-breath escapes, and narrow calls, but they would not serve as a "patch" to the escape collisions, the jabbering prattle of ward pollitical and spasmodical buncombe, that became hair-tangled before sun-set. Some were frenzied with jealousy, some hysterical with the excitement of the hour, while others linked arms with foreign made strangers in their excitement to get votes for their choice. And not like men, upon hearing the results, the disappointed ones, for they felt keenly, of course, the disappointment of some of their candidates, their anxious nerves were not quieted by a peaceful repose that night, and not for several slumbers asterwards, and we were lately informed that, although that election is now, over four years old, some of those enthusiastic female voters, have got it in for some of the "scratchers," yet.

In our mind, if their is any place on earth, that approximates the peace and happiness of Heaven, it is the Home, Sweet Home. A place, so sacred should it be, that an angel from Heaven itself, should scarcely enter. The Home; where all that is kind and generous and God-like is born; the home where all that is enobling and grand, is instilled into the mind of the young; a

home from whence should come the highest and noblest type of citizenship.

We are not lost to a sense of our duty, as to the best laws that should be enacted and promulgated to the people, but we are lost to a real sense of our repect to the Susans, the Helens, the Mollies and the Annas, who, strive to creep into the sacred dome of man's Home, and lose their womanly respect while they lower that of man for them. They should bridle their tongues and with keeping their heads covered, according to the injunction of St. Paul, also keep more sacred, if they have any, the dear little home they left behind.

Some will say that the gentler sex have land of their own, and they have no say-so in making the laws, while they are duly burdened with taxation.

The presumption of voting, on such a score as this, is simple twaddle, for, if man is not competent to give good equitable and non-discriminating laws, how could the few female tax-paying creatures arrange it, so as to help their condition? For there is no law, and what is more, there could be no law formed or formulated that would discriminate against a woman, who is fortunate enough to be a tax-payer. They have the right to don the clothing, boots and all, that is demanded proper for man to wear, why not do so; because, the why and wherefore of such a transmogrication would become diaphanous at once, and so on, usque ad nauseam.

Give us liberal laws, not hampered by any snmptuary legislation, and as the balmy liberal sunshine opens the petals of the flowers, that the buds may

bloom and blossom, so will broad-guaged legislation give us a good, and generously inclined people, free from very many perplexing perplexities that now, so glowingly confront us.

We are opposed to prohibition, but would advocate the virtue of temperance; we are opposed to female suffrage, but would give noble woman, every right to her place and claim in society; we are opposed to anything and all things that would disrupt a republican form of government; opposed to wars, strifes, strikes, both internal to our state, as well as external ones; finally, we are opposed to A. P. A.ism, because its stench is insufferable, and its growth, like the duchman's poodle, grows no better fast.

CHAPTER XIV.

IRRIGATION IN WESTERN KANSAS.

That the soil in western Kansas, is rich and productive, no one of sane sense, will gain-say; for, in all her parts, she has, at various times, given evidence of her richness, by an almost unprecedented, and, in very many instances, an unheard of yield of products. Establishing the fact, then, that her soil will grow the seeds and cereals, deposited within her bosom by the thrifty hand of the husbandman, it rests with us, in this short chapter, to give a reason or reasons, why she has not produced continuously, these past few years, like she was wont to, in former ones. Linking together the fact, that her soil is rich, we will establish another fact, that the only draw-back to the yield of a bountiful harvest, is the great lack of moisture, to nurish betimes, the oft-repeated blights to all crops in midsummer time.

Rain-fall, moisture, successful irrigation; call it what you will, if western Kansas is given, by natural means, or even artificial ones, sufficient dampness, seasonable, of course, she would produce more abundantly, even, than does her eastern half of the state; and for why, because her soil is deeper, and surely newer.

An attempt at irrigation in western Kansas, was made in the year 1887, by no less a monied king, than

Mr. Soule, of Hostetter Bitters fame. With newness of purpose and an over flowing purse, he came west, not to grow up with the country exactly, but to grow richer, by a most gigantic piece of irrigation. A stock company was organized, and to work they went, tapping the Arkansas river, a little above the town of Cimmaron, and some twenty-two miles west of Dodge City, a most generous ditch or dyke, which was to extend one hundred and twenty-five miles, in a circuitous manner until it would reach the town of Kinsley.

At an enormous outlay of work and money, the Arkansas river at the point of incision was dammed and repeatedly dammed, only to give way, before the next visiting freshet, and, in consequence, very little water entered the ditch. We well remember, of speaking at the time, with one of the projectors of that enterprise, when the dam repeatedly broke, and no water flowed into the ditch dug for its reception, and ventured to say that they were pursuing the wrong course in deviating the shallow stream itself, of the great broad Arkansas river, in that manner.

Instead of doing as they had done, we ventured the opinion, that were they to dig a very deep receptacle, say a quarter or a half a mile away from the river proper, and conduct the water thereto, by means of small ditches or dykes, and that receptacle being much lower than the bed of the river, it would gradually fill by an underflow, as well as taking in no small amount of surface water by means of ditches.

Our plan was thought feasable, but never projected, and their endeavor to drain the river failing, the whole

enterprise of tapping the river at that point, was abandoned. Many miles of ditch were dug, under that management, but no water coursed its drepression, and it remains dry to this day.

That some irrigation can, and is being done from the shallow stream of the Arkansas river, no one will doubt, but it is small, and never will be much greater, as the water supply itself is deficient.

Now for a word on practicable irrigation.

We are not the hired tool of any corporation, to bleed the poor farmer, in having him purchase more "machinery," the one thing among many others, which has wrought bankrupcy and mortgage upon his earnest efforts at farming in western Kansas; we are, as a matter, of fact, only our own spokesman, after viewing the territory over and over again, as to what may materially add to the earnest efforts of every good honest farmer, who is striving to develop his industry by the sweat of his heated brow.

Irrigation in arid regions, has always been a success, where the water is of shallow depth, say from ten to twenty-five feet; either in that way, or from an upland lake or resevoir, such as can be seen in many parts of Utah.

In too high a location, and where one would have to dig from fifty to one hundred feet, before he would get the required generous amount of water, we are free to confess, that seemingly at least, that irrigation would be somewhat of an up-hill "pull," as well as a down-hill strain on our imagination to think that at such a depth, it would prove a success

The deeper one goes for water, the more force is required, and consequently, the machinery must be far

stronger than were the water pumped from a shallow depth.

Again, if our common, every-day, and almost everywhere windmill, and vieing with each other as to which pattern is the staunchest and most fitting to stand our breezes and blizzards, becomes impaired and out of gear, at very stated intervals, and sometimes between intervals, while it only pumps an half inch of water, to the surface, how can a pump, similarly constructed, but pumping a many inch stream, be guaranteed against breaks and the woeful wear of its machinery. True it is, that the machinery of the latter, is much stronger than that of the former pumps, but machinery, be it ever so strong, will wear, and the deeper the well, the sooner the wear, and the more expensive it becomes. I know of no place in our western states, where irrigation is carried on successfully, when an almost unreasonable depth must be sought to secure the water supply for irrigation, we are therefore, while not very skepticle, in somewhat of a visionary mode, when we hear devotees of irrigation at any and all depths.

Practically speaking, then, we are for shallow irrigation, or irrigating any and all lands necessary, where water is accessible at a very reasonable depth, say from ten to twenty-five feet, and not very much deeper.

Some people advance the idea; and we believe they believe it, not caring to know any better, that an unnatural drenching of grain, by means of irrigation, would prove harmful to the growing or ripening crop, instead of being beneficial to it. This mode of conjecture, in our humble estimation, comes from a rattling of the brain, in heads presumably ripe. but fast

falling into decadence or decay. For, as no sane man will water his horse or his cow, until he deems them thirsty, so, no farmer, be the supply of water ever so great, will water his crops until he sees they stand in need of moisture, by letting water run upon them. Every intelligent farmer understands this method of caring for his crops, and if not, he soon learns by experience. the dearest teacher to us all, that the growing grain must be watered when it needs it most, the same as his domestic animals at home.

The careful, cautious farmer can very soon tell, when his corn, his oats, his wheat need watering, and if he cannot, or does not choose to learn their wants in the way of moisture, he'd better drop his avocation at farming and go to raising the powerful white bean, on some barren knoll or mound, to where his care is never diverted.

There is, at this date, no better practical illustration regarding the benefits of irrigation, than can be seen on Col. Perry's ranch of 13,000 acres of western land, located in Clark County, and bordering on that piece of country originally known as No-Man's Land. By digging a ditch much deeper than the bed of the Cimmaron river, which he taps, he conducts a good portion of its waters into various dykes and ditches, and at various intervals, forms large storage lakes, to supply his immense fields with moisture when the river, which at best, is but a shallow stream, fails to supply his main ditch. From his leading mains, ditches and dykes, he has latterals, or smaller ditches ploughed, which are distanced from each other, all the way from seventy-five to one hundred feet, and run transversley

or diagonally across the fields, in cultivation. With but two "wettings," on a field of oats, in the year '94 he raised eighty-five bushel of oats to the acre; and under this small amount of moisture, he had barley yield fifty to sixty bushels per acre, all of which give evidence of the very material advantage of more moisture to our rich and fertile plains.

We are then, per-force of personal observation, in sympathy with any well organized system that would tend to assist the honest farmer, in making remunerative his honest efforts at farming by irrigation.

When water can be had at a reasonable depth, together with reasonable expense for the machinery to procure the same, we heartily espouse irrigation, and trust it will prove the beacon of anticipations to crop-raising, that our poor farmers have so long sought after with a tenaciousness well nigh miraculous.

And even though our State should make a very generous appropriation, to test the matter to its fullest extent, as to whether all our lands, both high and low, could be irrigated with comparative ease, it still behoves every tiller of the soil, to "wait a little," and "watch more," before any more useless machinery is piled up in his back yard, to rust and rot in utter decay.

People will talk of land-values depreciating, of cattle and horses being low, but the generality of them never stop to think, that, while a horse, which, a few years ago, was worth one hundred dollars, is not worth but half that amount, and the machine that also cost one hundred dollars then, and but little used, is thrown aside, and so little cared for, that by means of this neglect, it is practically worthless.

The crying mania with our farmers, is to buy and keep on buying the latest new fadded piece of machinery in the market, thinking all these new patents or inventions are labor-saving, whereas in most all cases, they are robbing themselves and their families, to pay for them, for the only special privilege of given a practical test to some other body's imaginative ideas.

It is to be hoped then, that no false illusionary methods will be used, to further engulf our farming communities into bankrupcy, purchasing, upon every man's word, this, that or the other device, for the purpose of supplying a "long felt want," in giving him moisture, to a certainty, for all his broad acres of land.

Our land is rich and productive, and there is lots of it, our rainfall is not sufficient to nourish it into a bountiful harvest, so we hail with pleasure, any honest and rightful means that will assist nature, in adding to the toilers reward, viz.: a glowing and bountiful harvest to his hands, the hands above all other hands, who fulfill nearer the injunction of Almighty God, that of "earning his bread by the sweat of his brow."

CHAPTER XXIV.

With becoming modesty, the following address, delivered before a graduating class of one of our most prosperous and worthy institutions of learning, will form an appendix to my effort in the cause of the Western Priest, and most probably, it will serve you, dear reader, as it did me, with the striking and marked change we all must experience, at the transition from our youth to older years:

ON THE DEPARTURE OF YOUTH.

In the seven stages of man's life, there are three epochs more distinctly marked than the rest, viz: the departure of boyhood—the departure of youth—the commencement of old age. I do not, of course, intend to signify that this, the prime of our years, is as yet susceptible of decay, our frames are as young as they were five years before, it is the mind that has become matured. The prime of our manhood is the departure of our youth! It seems to me, that to reflective and lofty minds, accustomed to survey, and fitted to comprehend, the great aim of life, this is a period peculiarly solemn and important. It is a spot on which we ought to rest for a while from our journey. It is the summit of the hill from which we look down

on the even division of our journey. We have left behind us a profusion of bright things: never again shall we traverse such fairy fields, with such eager hopes. Never again shall we find the same glory in the grass, or splendor in the flower. The dews upon the herbage are dried up. The wane of life has already set in. The morning is no more. We ought then, to pause for a while, to review the past; to gather around us the memories and warnings of experience; to feel that the lighter part of our destinies is completed, that the graver has begun, that our follies and our errors have become to us the monitors of wisdom; for since these are the tributes which fate exacts from mortality, they are not to be idly regretted, but to be solemnly redeemed. And if we are penetrated with this thought, our past becomes the mightiest preacher and loyalist teacher to our future.

Looking back over the tombs of departed errors, we behold by the side of each a warning angel! It is the prayer of a foolish heart. Oh! that my time could return! Oh! that this had been done or this could be undone. Rather should we rejoice that so long a season of reparation yet remains to us, and that experience has taught us the lessons of suffering which make man wise. Wisdom is an acquisition purchased in proportion to the disappointments which our own frailties have entailed upon us. For no one is taught by the sufferings of another. We ourselves must have felt the burning in order to shun the fire. The flowers and beautifully scented roses, that are fit while they lived for smell and ornaments, serve after death, for cures.

At the age of thirty most men's character experience a revolution, the common pleasures of the world have been tasted to the full, and begin to fall. We have reduced to the sobering rest of reality the visions of youth. We no longer expect that perfection in our species which our inexperience at first foretold; we no longer chase frivolities, or hope chimeras.

Perhaps one of the most useful lessons that dissappointment has taught us, is a true estimate of love. For at first we imagine that woman, poor partner with ourselves in the frailties of humanitiy, must be perfect, that the dreams of the poets have a corporeal being, and that God has ordained to us that unclouded nature, that unchanging devotion,, that seraphic heart, which it has been the great vice of fiction to attribute to the daughter of clay. And in hoping perfection, with how much excellence have we been discontented, to how many idols have we changed our worship! Thirsting for the golden fountain of the fable, from how many streams have we turned away, weary and in disgust! The experience which teaches us at last, the true estimate of woman has gone far to instruct us in the claims of men. Love, once the monopolizer of our desires, gives way to more manly and less selfish passions;—we awake from a false paradise to the real earth.

Not less important is the lesson which teaches us not to measure mankind by ideal standards of morality; for to imagine so fondly, that men are gods, is to end by believing that they are demons. The young pass usually through a period of misanthropy, and the misanthropy is acute in proportion to their own generous confidence in human excellence.

We the least forgive faults in those from whom we expected the most excellence. But out of the ashes of misanthropy benevolence rises again, we find many virtues where we imagined all was vice; many acts of disinterested friendship, where we had fancied all was calculation and fraud, and gradually, from the two extremes we pass to the proper medium; and feeling that no human being is wholly good or wholly base, we learn that true knowledge of mankind, which induces us to expect little and forgive much. The world cures alike the optimist and the misanthrope. Without this proper and sober estimate of man, we have neither prudence in the affairs of life, nor toleration for contray opinions; we tempt the cheater and then condemn him; we believe so strongly and firmly in one person, that we would centure our opposer as an heretical anamoly. It is expierience alone, that teaches us that he who is discreet is seldom betrayed, and that out of the opinions we condemn, and the persons we distrust, spring the actions we admire, and persons we highly admire.

At the departure of youth, then, in collecting and investigating our minds, we should feel ourselves imbued with the results for our future guidance, viz: a knowledge of the true portion of the passions, so as not to give to one the impetus which should be shared by all, a conviction of the idleness of petty objects which demand large cares and that true guage and measurement of man which shall neither magnify nor dwarf the attributes and materials of human nature.

From these results we draw oonclusions which will make us not only wiser, but better men. The years

through which we have passsed, have probably developed in us what ever capacities we possess; they have taught us in what we are most likely to excel, and for which we are most fitted. We may come now with better success than Rasselas to the choice of life. And in this I am inclined to believe, that we ought to prefer that career from which we are convinced our minds and tempers will derive the greatest share of happiness, not disdaining the pursuit of honors or of wealth, or the allurements of a social career, but calmly balancing the advantages and evils of each course, whether of private life or of public, of retirement or of crowds, and deciding on each according, not to abstract rules, not to vague maxims on the nothingness of fame, or the joys of solitude, but according to the peculiar bias and temper of our own minds. For toil, to some, is happiness, and rest, to others.

This man can only breathe in crowds, and that man only in solitude. Fame is necessary to the quiet of one's nature, and is void of all attraction to another. Let each choose his career according to the dictates of his own breast; and this, not from the vulgar doctrine that our own happiness, as happiness only, is to be our being's end and aim, (for in minds rightly and nobly constituted, there are aims out of ourselves stronger than aught of self,) but because a mind not at ease is rarely virtuous. Happiness and virtue reach upon each other; the best are not only the happiest, but the happiest are usually the best.

Drawn into pursuits, however estimable in themselves, from which our tastes and dispositions recoil, we are too apt to grow irritable, morose and discontent-

ed with our kind; our talents do not spring forth naturally; forced by the heat of circumstance, they produce unseasonable and unwholesome fruit, The genius that is raised by things at war with it, too often becomes malignant, and retaliates upon men the wounds it receives from circumstance, but when we are engaged in that course of life which most flatters our individual bias, whether it be action or seclusion, literature or business, joviality or serious contemplation, we enjoy within us that calm which is the best atmosphere of the mind and in which all the mind's produce is robust and mellow. Our sense of contentment makes us kindly and benevolent to others; we are not chafed and galled by cares which are tyranical, because ungenial. We are fulfilling our proper destiny, and those around us feel the sunshine of our own hearts. It is for this reason that happiness should be our main object in the choice of life, because out of happines springs that state of mind, which becomes virtue; and this should be remembered by those of ardent and generous dispositions, who would immolate themselves for the supposed utility of others, plunging into a war of things for which their natures are unsuited. Among the few truths which Rosseau left us, none is more true than this: "It is not permitted to a man to corrupt himself for the sake of mankind." We must be useful, according not to general theories, but to our individual capacities and habits. To be practical, we must call forth the qualities we are able to practice. Each star shining in its appointed sphere, each, no matter its magnitude or its gyration, contributes to the general light.

To different ages there are different virtues: the reckless generosity in the boy is wanton folly in the man. At thirty, there is no apology for the spendthrift. From that period to the end of the age, is the fitting season for a considerate foresight and prudence in affairs. Approaching age itself we have less need of economy; and nature recoils from the miser, caressing mammon with one hand, while death plucks him by the other. We should provide for our age, in order that our age may have no urgent wants of this world to absorb it from the meditation of the next.

It is awful to see the lean hands of dotage making a coffer of the grave. But while with the departure of youth, we enter steadfastly into the great business of life, while our reason constructs its palaces from the ruins of our passions, while we settle into thoughtful, and resolute, and aspiring men; we should beware how, thus occupied by the world, the world grows too much with us. It is a perilous age, that when youth recedes from us, if we forget that the soul should cherish its own youth strong to all eternity. It is precisely as we feel how little laws can make us good while they forbid us to be evil, it is precisely as our experience puts a check upon our impulses, it is precisely as we sigh to own how contaminating is example, that we should be on our guard over our own hearts, now, lest they err, but rather lest they harden. Now is the period when the affections can be easiest scared, when we can dispense the most with love, when in the lustiness and hardihood of our golden prime, we can best stand alone, remote alike from the ideal yearnings of youth and the clinging

helplessness of old age. Now is the age when neither the smile of woman nor the smiles of children touch us as they did once and may again. We are occupied, absolutely wrapped in our stems and our stern designs.

The world is our mistress, our projects, our children. A man is startled when told this truth; let him consider, let him pause, if he be actively engaged, (as few at that age are not,) and ask himself if I wrong him, if insensibly and unconsciously, he has not retreated into the citadel of self. Snail like, he walks the world, bearing about him his armour and retreat. Is not this to be guarded against? Does not this require our caution, lest caution itself block up the beautiful avenues of the heart? What can life give us if we sacrifice what is fairest in ourselves? What does experience profit, if it forbid us to be generous, to be noble, if it counterworks and blights the graces and the charities, and all that belong to the tender and exalted, without which, wisdom is harsh, and virtue has no music in her name? As Paley says: "that we ought not to refuse alms so sternly for fear we encourage the idle, lest, on the other hand, we blunt the hearts into a habit of deafness to the distressed, so with the less vulgar sympathies shall we check the impulse, and the frankness, and the kindly interpretations, and the human sensbility, (which are the alms of the soul,) because they may expose us to occasional deceit." Shall the error of softness justify the habit of obduracy? And lest we should suffer by the faults of others, shall we vitiate ourselves.

This then is the age in which, while experience becomes our guide, we should follow its dictates with a certain measured and jealous caution. We must remember how apt man is to extremes, rushing from credulity and weakness to suspicion and distrust. And still, if we are truly prudent, we shall cherish, despite occasional delusions, those noblest and happiest of our tendencies to love and to confide.

I know not indeed a more beautiful spectacle in the world than an old man, who has gone with honor, through all its storms and contests, and who retains, to the last, the freshness of feeling that adorned his youth. This is the harmonious tone given old age; this makes a southern winter of declining years, in which the sunlight warms, though the heats are gone; such are ever welcome to the young, and sympathy unites while wisdom guides. There is this distinction between respect and veneration, the latter has always in it something of life.

This, too, is the age in which we ought calmly to take the fitting estimate of the opinions of the world. In youth we are too apt to despise, in maturity too apt to over rate the sentiments of others and the silent influences of the public. It is right to fix the medium. Among the happiest, and proudest and noblest possessions of man is his character; it is a wealth, it is a rank and a statehood of itself. It is one's own, and should be bourne with the due honor, the same that one should accord to another. It usually procures him the honors and rarely the jealousies of fame. Like most treasures that are attained less by circumstances, than ourselves, character is a more

felicitious reputation than glory. The wise man, therefore, despises not the opinion of the world. If character leads, all the other concomitants, of truth, of nobleness, of generousness, of honor, will succinctly and surely follow.

CHAPTER XXV.

FALSE IMPRESSIONS OF KANSAS.

When the spirit of migration has once entered a down-easterner, and he is about to come west, almost the first impression he forms in his mind is, that he is soon to enter the land of the Indian and buffalo, and great fears are entertained by the relatives and friends left behind, that the "dear one" may never again return, and if he ever does, it will be only after wading in butchery and blood as high as "bridle bits," in various conflicts of metal, steel and indomitable courage with the above imaginary foes.

Long since has the poor bison or buffalo left us, having been ruthlessly, nay, unscrupulously, annihilated by eastern nabobs and early-day hunters, so much so indeed, that not one untamed buffalo could be found within the borders of the state of Kansas to-day.

In our first years of 1858, 1859 and 1860, on the Solomon Valley, in Kansas, herds of buffaloes, in droves of thousands, could easily be seen, and it was considered highly hazardous by the early settlers of that portion of Kansas, for anyone to wander far from his home, unless he was well mounted on a fast steed, for there was great danger to be caught in the path of those vast herds when they cantered from the knolls and valleys every mid-day for their daily allowance of

water from the Solomon river. In our judgment, and I think that almost every old-time-Kansan will concur in the same, that it was a far greater sin to so wantonly slaughter the poor buffalo, the staff of existence of the earlier settler, by furnishing him the very best of beef along with clothing him against the stormy blasts of cruel winters, with the most comfortable and protecting robes, than to violate the prohibitory law in any and all its phases. But the buffalo has gone, and one need have no more fears of being trampled upon or gored by this once proud, nomadic beast, who was considered the pride of western Kansas prairies.

As for the Indian, the wild, ferocious and blood-searching red man, he too, has vamoosed, and the only Indians we have here to-day are those who are civilized and living within their own reservations, peacefully and happy. They don't make good farmers, and never will, until our gracious government curtails their annuity and turns them lose on their own resources, to "root hog, or die;" then, and only then, will the stately and now lazy buck, come to his senses, and politely but cautiously go to work. Don't fear the red man in Kansas any longer, young man, for he is far more harmless to you now than your own white brother, and rest assured that his war-whoop will never more mar the quiet peacefulness of your day or midnight slumbers.

Some people imagine that away out in Kansas the summers are hot, unusually so, long and dry, and that the heat becomes unbearable at times; and then the wind, they say, blows almost constantly. Outside of Italy, and we are willing to except her, with her proverbial Italian climate, although we have never been

there; but as to other known climes and places, we lay a claim to the front pew. That the climate of Kansas is mild, moderate, healthful and restorative, goes without saying, and as we are, par excellence, located geographically all right, we do most certainly lay claim to a wonderfully salubrious climate; for here the afflicted consumptives, the rheumatic ones, come to get relief, as Kansas climate will not produce either of the above ills, on account of the radical nature of our climate against them; hence, the number of those similarly afflicted who come here for the restoration of their health.

Some people come to Kansas for the purpose of speculation, and, in a vain attempt to grow rich in a day, lose their all in one bold bad investment; this kind of plunging has been done in the booming past, but where one made a comfortable stake, ninety-nine retreated and betook themselves to their wife's folks in some other clime, only to cast aspersions on Kansas' fair name, by their own wild and reckless daring in speculation. It is here as elsewhere, the man who wishes to succeed must be conservative, cautious, painstaking and industrious, and to such an one, there is no country under the sun, that will reward more liberally or give more remuneration to his efforts. What doth it profit a man, who, having amassed both carefully and cautiously all his life, and then at one fell-swoop, buck a tiger with his gains, when so many odds are against him? The farmer here, who has stood by his farm, diversified his crops from year to year, and gathered around him a few head of cattle, is really the millionaire, if not of money, he is one of comfort, independency and contentment. The habit

of shifting and moving about is a most disastrous drawback to the farmer, and one coming here should be made up of sterner stuff than to grow nervous at the first slight shock of disappointment in crops and think of picking up and moving out.

The great secret of most people in coming west, and there is no use trying to hide it, is to get away from work; and, if not altogether, at least to go where wages are better and the work lighter. This is the *panacea* they are looking for, and the exception in such a quest, is extremely rare. We remember quite well the tales of our forefathers, of some twenty-five, thirty and forty years ago, who, in York state, as they termed it, labored from early dawn until dark, in cold and in wet, for the paltry pittance of nine dollars a month. Their sturdy frames and their unflinching spirits were, even at those low wages, goaded on by unscrupulous landlords and unmitigating wrack-renters, as it were, to get the very last drop of sweat out of them. It was work then, too, for our modern and comparatively labor-saving machinery was not in vogue then, and they had to roll up their sleeves, amid the rays of a boiling sun, to handle the cradle and scythe, two man-killing farm tools, whose history now is barely extant. Many of them, too, supported their families on such a stipend, whereas it would take three times that much now to keep some young lad, whose work is half play on the farm, asking a dollar or two from dad, to stiffen his credit for buggy hire, tobacco and gum. As a rule, where there is light work there is less economy, and it seems to be an ailing with us all, that the harder we work for a thing, the more that thing is prized. Nowadays, the young

man on the farm is rewarded by a salary from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a month, and no one to keep but himself, and at the end of the year, it oft-times happens, that he has to send back to the old folks for something to go home on.

In the first place, shame on the young man of our period, who, if healthy and strong, will remain back in the far east, toiling from morning till night, for wages hardly commensurate with a decent living, and working for to enrich someone else! For, your work is harder there, and no one will gainsay the fact, but that people in the east work harder and more hours than they do in the west; again, your wages are lower and your liberty more restrained. Were I a young man, in the bloom of youth and vigor of good health, there is no farmer living that I would work for, when there is such a loop-hole of independency offered as there is here, to the energetic son of toil; not as our forefathers were, are we bound, for the grand broad west is open to us, and the arms of honest industry are ever thrown open to welcome us "take holt."

'Tis true; this is a land that tries men's souls, and their bodies, too, are subjected to very many hardships; but, in the face of all of this, remember the solace, the comfort, the cheer and undying gratitude one feels when he has acquired that, the possession of which is a benefice for him the remainder of his days, viz: A home. 'Tis a home where independency reigns, where the comforting angel of self-possession, dwells, where joy and peace can, in unison, dwell where one's freedom is established, where no thief can enter, nor landlord scowl at you; a home, sweet home, the choicest spot on earth.

There will a time come, and the signs of the times point it near at hand, when Kansas' rare bargains in land will be all taken, then you will wish that her virgin soil had been your portion; but the rare opportunities will have gone, the open prairies will be fenced, the vacant claims taken, and the fastidious youth, whose apron strings held him in the east, away from which he would not wander, until the cold dreary day of "getting left, out in the cold," will forever have encompassed him round and about forever and forever.

[THE END.]

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